

CANADIAN
CRYSTALS

THOMAS WATSON



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To Her Excellency

The Countess of Minto

whose deep interest in
all that pertains to
the welfare of this
this beautiful country
is constantly
appreciated
by the
Author.

CANADIAN CRYSTALS

Poems

BY

THOMAS WATSON

COLBORNE, ONTARIO

TORONTO

WILLIAM BRIGGS

1901

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IN VIEW OF WHAT HIS NAME
REPRESENTS TO
THE CANADIAN NATION
AND TO
THE BRITISH EMPIRE
THIS VOLUME
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
TO
LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL
BY THE AUTHOR

861867

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CANADIAN CRYSTALS.

PATRIOTIC.

CANADIAN CRYSTALS.

IN bulk condensed, in form most fair,
And glowing with reflected light,
These beauties sparkle everywhere
Like stars in Winter's cloudless night.
In rock and river, plain and hill,
Produced by matchless power and skill,
We find Canadian crystals.

When Spring her gentle sceptre wields,
When Summer's fragrant flowers appear,
When Autumn its rich harvest yields,
When Winter comes so crisp and clear—
In bud and flower and fruit and snow—
To make this land with beauty glow
We find Canadian crystals.

The lessons learned from all the past,
The teachings of this present hour,
The prospects which reveal at last
The nation's place in wealth and power,
The thought and zeal and courage shown
In loyal love for Britain's throne—
Are true Canadian crystals.

COLBORNE.

THE tide of progress onward flows,
And nature's wealth of beauty glows,
And choicest gifts each year bestows
On those who live in Colborne.

There childhood's mirthful years are spent,
There home and school alike are meant
To win the treasures freely sent
For all the homes in Colborne.

Each office, store and restful seat
Where earnest friends and lovers meet,
Presents some charm to make complete
The pleasant streets of Colborne.

And in its churches, where is heard
The message of the sacred Word,
There comes rich blessing from the Lord
To aid His cause in Colborne.

Though none may yet distinctly see
What in the future is to be,
From earnest hearts ascends the plea
For brighter days for Colborne.

Those who have left kind friends behind,
And gone far hence new homes to find,
Have pleasant seasons brought to mind
By welcome words from Colborne.

DOMINION DAY, 1895.

THROUGH sunshine, shade and mystery
Which mark all things below,
Our country makes her history,
While prospects brighter grow.
Content we dwell, this truth we tell :
Canadians love their country well.

In varied, rich complexity
Are her foundations laid ;
Through simplified perplexity
Her onward course is made ;
And, strong in nerve her cause to serve,
Her sons " Dominion Day " observe.

The ancient forest's density,
The prairie's vast expanse,
The northland's grand immensity,
And culture's rich advance—
These all unite like beams of light
To make "our country's" future bright.

May wisdom, strength and purity,
In all their power combined,
Lead up to that maturity
For Canada designed :
And may this land for ages stand
As Freedom's home, sublime and grand.

Through years of bright prosperity,
Held by a mighty hand,
For righteousness and verity
May she in all things stand ;
May she be wise to win the prize,
And in the scale of honor rise.

THE LITERARY CLUB.

To understand Canadian thought,
Observing well each polished gem ;
To learn of minds who bravely fought
For precious truths most dear to them ;
To blend instruction with delight—
These are the objects which unite
The Literary Club.

To use the time that others waste ;
 To bring fine gold from hidden mines ;
To form a truly cultured taste
 For all that strengthens and refines ;
To find the wealth good books provide—
These are the principles which guide
 The Literary Club.

To know those minds whose works are found
 Deserving of the highest place,
And all the writers who abound
 In beauty, tenderness and grace :
The glow of patriotic fire
Is felt by all whose thoughts inspire
 The Literary Club.

The members meet each second week,
 And pleasant hours together spend.
Suggestive thought and help they seek
 Where common interests brightly blend.
For what its chosen name implies
Increasingly its members prize
 The Literary Club.

In politics it takes no part,
 Nor cultivates sectarian zeal.
It seeks to train the mind and heart
 Of those who read and think and feel.
It does not fear the critic's frown,
But knows success at length will crown
 The Literary Club,

TO COLBORNE'S VETERANS.

To Cameron, Willoughby, Cockburn, Brown,
From Africa returning,
The grateful people of this town
In heart and thought are turning.
Wherever Britain's banners wave
Her sons are one in spirit ;
And as her soldiers true and brave
Her honors you inherit.

While patriot fires sublimely burn,
And flames are upward leaping,
To celebrate your safe return
This banquet we are keeping.
That day we each remember well
When you this land were leaving ;
Deep sighs were heard, and tear-drops fell,
While loving hearts were grieving.

You were committed to His care
Who guards His own anointed.
In your behalf He answered prayer,
And none were disappointed.
Upon the ocean's vast expanse
He all your course directed ;
From shipwreck, fever, sword and lance
His hand your lives protected.

And in the dreadful battle-line
You were from danger shielded—
The sceptre of His love divine
In your behalf was wielded.
Of victories won in Freedom's name
All nations know the story ;
Your valor spreads Great Britain's fame,
And is your country's glory.

We honor those who in the grave
In Africa are sleeping ;
We leave them there as soldiers brave
In God's most sacred keeping.
A welcome home your native land
To you most gladly tenders ;
Through coming years your names shall stand
Amongst her brave defenders.

THE ROYAL VISIT.

LORD of the earth and air,
Thy wondrous love display,
And bless the Royal Pair
Who reach our shores this day.

On ocean tempest-swept,
And in each distant land,
They have been safely kept
By Thy Almighty hand.

For them our banners wave,
And love its treasure pours,
While they their names engrave
On these Canadian shores.

“Welcome,” the cities say ;
“Welcome,” each town replies ;
A welcome bright as day
Shines from Canadian skies.

Pleasing to all must prove
The greetings which they bring ;
For all Canadians love
Their country and their King,

To Thee ascends the prayer
From city, town and farm,
“God bless the Royal Pair,
And shield them from all harm.”

Amid our loyal cheers
May they still onward press,
And through the coming years
The Empire’s love possess,

"MAPLE BEACH."

ISAIAH 32 : 18.

WHEN August's hot and sultry air
Created strong desires for rest
Amid those prospects grand and fair
Where nature meets the heart's request,
A friendly voice did us beseech
To spend a day at "Maple Beach."

Well pleased we did at once comply,
And thitherward our journey take
To see the many-tinted sky
Reflected on the tranquil lake :
Far as the restless eye could reach
Grand was the view from "Maple Beach."

Our thoughts by love's immortal law
Were borne away beyond the sea,
And in fair visions Him we saw
Who walked the shores of Galilee :
Of Him who did glad tidings preach
We thought that day at "Maple Beach."

The singing birds and noisy bees,
The fragrance of the new-mown hay,
And flowers and fruits and shady trees
Combined to make a perfect day ;
For gladness filled the heart of each
With whom we met at "Maple Beach."

The rising moon, the evening calm,
With restful stillness everywhere,
Prepared us for the grateful psalm ;
And then we knelt in earnest prayer :
We asked the Lord His truth to teach
To all who met at "Maple Beach."

THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT.

Away from the land of their fathers,
While loved ones implored them to stay,
To answer the call of their Monarch
Our soldiers have hastened away.

In vision we see them departing,
Courageous and hopeful and strong,
And ready to serve in the conflict
The Empire to which they belong.

They go to the African regions
Where Britain her forces must send
Against the strong hand of oppression,
Her subjects to aid and defend.

We shrink from the thought of all slaughter
Which comes but to blast and to mar ;
And yet, when plain duty demands it,
Our people stand ready for war.

And whether we live in the homeland
Or die the defenceless to save,
May truth and uprightness enroll us
With all the true-hearted and brave.

To Him may we look for protection
Who over the nations doth reign ;
And soon may He bring all our soldiers
To meet with their loved ones again.

HOME MISSION HYMN.

WRITTEN AT THE SUGGESTION OF REV. DR. MURDOCH.

THE Gospel message thrills us,
Its beauties brightly glow ;
The Saviour's spirit fills us
As forth for Him we go.
We do not fear disaster ;
We seek not wealth or fame ;
Christ is our only Master,
And we adore His name.

Beside the grand old ocean,
Or in the press and strife,
We work with glad devotion
In town and city life.
We go where men are mining
For silver, lead and gold ;
Where camp-fire lights are shining
In forests dense and old.

Because we love this nation
Its welfare is our aim ;
His great and free salvation
We everywhere proclaim.
Without a thought of swerving,
Our efforts we combine,
In loyal love observing
Each ordinance divine.

Such churches as were planted
By those whom first He sent
In this great land are wanted,
Where saints may dwell content.
Our labor in Home Missions
Is not a passing whim—
We see in brightest visions
Our country brought to Him.

Wherever men are dwelling,
Wherever sin enslaves,
We go in kindness telling
Of Him who freely saves.
He knows our hearts' deep longing ;
For this on Him we call,
To see Canadians thronging
To crown Him Lord of all.

DOMINION DAY, 1897.

WHILE this Dominion Day we keep,
 May tributes of true praise be paid
For all the benefits we reap
 From strong foundations wisely laid ;
On hope's bright summit may we stand
And view our highly favored land.

Instead of forests vast and wild,
 With none to clear and till the ground,
The passing years have sweetly smiled
 On scenes where happy homes are found :
With thankful hearts His love we own
Whose favors are so freely shown.

While other nations keenly feel
 The pangs of famine, plague and strife,
On Canada is set the seal
 Of years of happy, peaceful life :
No lurking ill nor foe destroys
The liberty that she enjoys.

May all Canadian hearts be true,
 And in the paths of honor tread ;
The highest aims may they pursue
 While on them God's own light is shed ;
Through patient toil in loss and gain
May they to solid strength attain.

LOUGHBREEZE.

ENCAMPED on the shores of Ontario,
Away from all turmoil and care,
We live in the fulness of summer,
Whose beauties are pleasing and fair.

Yea, fair is the landscape around us,
And fair are the heavens above ;
The breezes that ripple the waters
Are messengers speaking of love.

In wading and bathing and boating
The children their moments employ,
And parents, the child-heart possessing,
Rejoice in their innocent joy.

The Bluff and the Point and the Island
Wear aspects of freshness each day ;
The lighthouse, the schooners, the steamers,
We watch from this beautiful bay.

And sometimes the lake is like crystal,
And sometimes the whitecaps are seen ;
Sometimes it is dark as a tempest,
And sometimes is calm and serene.

To some it is company and friendship :
To some it is solitude rare ;
To some all its movements are music ;
To some they are sad as despair.

While deepens the beautiful twilight,
And friend is conversing with friend,
We think of that wonderful region
Where seasons of bliss never end.

We think of those visions in Patmos
Which came to the prophet of old,
Of rivers and waters transparent,
And buildings of jasper and gold.

All praise to our Bountiful Father,
Whose goodness no language can tell ;
He brightens the future before us ;
He blesses the land where we dwell.

SPRING HILL FARM.

WHEN smoothly flowed the stream of time,
And summer days in all their prime
Possessed the sweetest charm,
Invited by a well-known friend
It was our happiness to spend
A day at Spring Hill Farm.

As music from the streams and brooks,
Or pictures from the ancient books,
May quiet all alarm ;
So every hill and grassy slope
Spoke with a voice of faith and hope
That day at Spring Hill Farm.

CONEY-IN-THE-PINES.

From off the lake fresh was the breeze ;
The squirrels and birds among the trees
 No one could wish to harm.
Fair was the sight of fruit and grain
And grass made green by recent rain
 That day at Spring Hill Farm.

The mild-eyed cattle homeward came ;
All living creatures seemed so tame
 They must all fear disarm.
Each bird and beast that sought the shade
Could feel a sense of rest pervade
 The life of Spring Hill Farm.

Sweet is the rest which those enjoy
Who for the Lord their powers employ
 And lean upon His arm !
Those sweet impressions shall remain,
While oft in thought we see again
 That day at Spring Hill Farm.

CONEY-IN-THE-PINES.

With kindred minds, in glad content,
One happy summer day we spent
In cottage, boat, and spacious tent
 Where light with shade combines.

And rest and cheer and help we found
In pleasing sight and charming sound
Amid the beauties that abound
At "Coney-in-the-Pines."

Let those whose burdened spirits fret,
And who would all their cares forget,
Where forest, lake and sky are met
In beauty's fairest lines—
Let such awhile leave work behind
And seek repose for nerve and mind,
And help and strength they soon will find
At "Coney-in-the-Pines."

The breezes from Ontario's lake
Will in their hearts new hopes awake ;
And through the clouds there soon will break
The light that always shines ;
And while in Nature's school they learn,
For larger life their hearts will yearn ;
With strength renewed they will return
From "Coney-in-the-Pines."

May He who doth our steps uphold
Bestow, as in the days of old,
Those treasures richer far than gold
Brought from the distant mines.
And while He doth our needs supply,
Though Summer's beauties fade and die,
Our grateful thoughts will often fly
To "Coney-in-the-Pines."

OPEN-AIR CENTENNIAL SERVICE.

WE met near Lake Ontario's shore,
And did with grateful hearts adore
The Saviour's wondrous name ;
We met to celebrate the day
When Gospel preachers came that way
Glad tidings to proclaim.

A platform occupied the place
Where first the messengers of grace
The Word of Life declared :
And standing there on holy ground
We heard again the joyful sound,
And in its joys we shared.

We bowed our heads in silence there
While Pastor Jolliffe led in prayer ;
Then hymns of praise were heard.
McGlennon, Flynn, and Hinman told
Of noble men in days of old
Who spoke the living Word.

Then Kenny did warm greetings bring,
And Farmer spoke of Christ the King,
Who rules in earth and air :
The lightning's flash and thunder's peal
Made all our waiting hearts to feel
That God was surely there.

Through clouds which looked as black as night,
There came at times fair gleams of light,
And then right glad were we.
By faith we saw the sacred form
Of Him whose presence stilled the storm
On blue-waved Galilee.

And though in haste we left the spot,
By us will never be forgot
That service on the shore.
Its deep impressions will abide
Until beyond the rolling tide
We meet to part no more.

DOMINION DAY, 1899.

In Canada's splendid domain
Contented and happy we dwell ;
We search for her equal in vain ;
No language her treasures can tell.

What vastness and grandeur are hers !
How large is the place that she fills !
How rich are her forests of firs !
How charming her verdure-clad hills !

For her the Atlantic outspreads
Its waves in their ceaseless unrest ;
And on the Pacific she sheds
The light of her glory-crowned West.

The sources of measureless wealth
In all her vast regions are found ;
And all things conducive to health
For loyal Canadians abound.

May Canada always remain
The faithful support of the throne ;
May Britain that prestige retain
For which she is honored and known.

May we to the Ruler above,
Whose hand hath directed our way,
Still render the tribute of love,
And seek His commands to obey.

Our nation's fair birthday to keep
Our thoughtful attention we give ;
With gratitude, fervent and deep,
We honor the land where we live.

A CHURCH CENTENARY.

OUR grateful hearts with one accord
Are found in love uniting
To praise our gracious King and Lord,
In whom we are delighting.
We trace Thy hand through all the way—
From every ill preserving
The Church which celebrates to-day
One hundred years of serving.

Our fathers Thou didst safely lead,
On them rich grace bestowing ;
Thy bounteous hand supplied their need ;
Rich harvests crowned their sowing.
Thy word of truth divine they knew,
Their faith in Jesus stating ;
And they with grateful hearts review
One hundred years of waiting.

For all Thy children who have aimed
At noble, Christ-like living—
For all who have Thy truth proclaimed,
We join in glad thanksgiving.
Through desert lands or pasture green
Thy people Thou art leading ;
And in this Church Thine eyes have seen
One hundred years of pleading.

We thank Thee for all souls made clean
Who here their joys are telling,
And for our friends who long have been
Safe in Thy presence dwelling.
May all our days for Thee be spent ;
Still keep us onward pressing ;
For Thou upon this Church hast sent
One hundred years of blessing.

No longer for the past we grieve :
Through hope within us springing,
The future in His care we leave
To whom we now are clinging.

Our lives on EARTH may we employ
To tell redemption's story,
And then in HEAVEN we shall enjoy
Unnumbered years of glory.

DOMINION DAY, 1900.

WHILE banners wave in splendor
And bells with gladness ring,
With feelings warm and tender
Our country's praise we sing.

Each swiftly passing season
Presents before our eyes
Some strong and urgent reason
Why we this land should prize.

She owns uncounted treasures
In forest, mine and field ;
Hers are the sweetest pleasures
That any land can yield.

True progress she is making,
And larger grows her scope,
While in her is awaking
A life of boundless hope.

By sacred ties united
From distant sea to sea,
Canadians are delighted
A loyal race to be.

The year just past has sounded
More clearly than before
That loyalty unbounded
Which rings from shore to shore.

Her hosts with cheerful voices
Their glad allegiance own ;
All Canada rejoices
In Britain's ancient throne.

Her heroes do not falter
At duty's sternest call ;
But on the Empire's altar
They freely place their all.

Their homes and loved ones leaving,
To Africa they went ;
Unto their Monarch cleaving,
Their lives for her were spent.

Though slaughter thinned their number,
They saw true victory gleam :
Canadian heroes slumber
Where Britain reigns supreme.

With brightest skies above her,
May she for freedom stand,
That all who truly love her
May love the Mother-land.

Through all successive stages
May she still upward climb,
And fill in coming ages
A destiny sublime.

SUMMER EVENINGS.

How full of sublimest enjoyment
These evenings in Summer may be,
When, leaving our daily employment,
Our hearts are contented and free.

Then, watching the sun at its setting,
We gaze at the purple and gold ;
Then, all that is irksome forgetting,
Creation's vast wealth we behold.

The hills and the valleys invite us ;
The breezes most restfully move ;
The wonders of nature delight us,
And fill us with feelings of love.

Then lovers with loved ones conversing
The moments most gladly employ,
And failures and dangers reversing,
They picture a lifetime of joy.

The skies their sweet smiles are bestowing,
While fragrance enriches the air ;
And waters and forests are glowing,
And all things seem tranquil and fair.

These pictures so perfectly blended
Within us henceforth will remain ;
And when Summer evenings are ended
We often shall see them again.

DOMINION DAY, 1901.

GREAT Author of salvation,
We would Thy praises show
For all that as a nation
Thou dost on us bestow.
Through love and care unceasing,
Which Thou dost freely give,
Our purpose is increasing—
A grander life to live.

In earth and air and ocean
Thy wonder-working hand
Controls the world's commotion
And guards this favored land.
Thou art before us placing
An ever-open door ;
And we Thy steps are tracing
In paths unknown before.

Beloved by all the living,
Victoria's name we prize ;
And Thee we praise for giving
A king so strong and wise.
By loyal love directed
We for the Empire stand,
To make her name respected
And loved in every land.

Not bound to old opinion,
 Nor yet the slaves of new,
 The worth of this Dominion
 Comes more and more to view.
 Not fond of constant changes,
 Nor by the changeless led,
 A healthful life arranges
 The steps up which we tread.

The nation's birthday keeping
 We join in grateful praise :
 For we are surely reaping
 Rich fruit from bygone days.
 Thy throne in faith addressing
 We for our country pray :
 May gladness, peace and blessing
 Crown this Dominion Day.

HORIZON.

GENESIS 15 : 5, 6, 7. JOHN 4 : 35. (REV. A. GRANT'S ADDRESS
 AT THE LONDON CONVENTION.)

He spoke one most suggestive word,
 So full of wisdom and of thought ;
 And every waiting heart was stirred
 By that great message which he brought.
 While for the Western lands he pled,
 This was our greatest need, he said :
 " Horizon."

And now since he has gone to dwell
Where saints in endless blessing share,
That work for which he planned so well
Demands from us increasing care.
By his brave life our hearts are stirred ;
For still we hear from him that word :
“ Horizon.”

“ Horizon ” boundless as the skies
Which into distant space extend,
Which all the country unifies
In one great arch from end to end.
Lest we should our high calling miss
Our ruling thought must still be this :
“ Horizon.”

“ Horizon ” vaster than those plains
On which the stars so brightly shine ;
Through which each heart fresh courage gains
While thinking of the love divine.
The sacred truths for which we stand
For full success in us demand
“ Horizon.”

Entrusted with the word of grace,
Which is for all creation sent,
No lines of kindred, tribe or place
Should largest usefulness prevent :
To make our lives what they should be
We need through light divine to see
“ Horizon.”

Thus shall we constantly increase
In effort, gift and earnest prayer ;
As subjects of the Prince of peace
We shall in all His labors share.
Till all mankind shall own His sway
Māy we still hear our Leader say
“ Horizon.”

OCTOBER.

WONDROUS is the joy of living
In this grand October time,
When in all their charming beauty
Autumn days are in their prime ;
When the many-tinted forest
All its wondrous wealth displays,
And the sun is almost hidden
By an incense cloud of haze ;

And the coming Indian Summer
Sends its foregleams from afar ;
And the waters for a season
Cease their moanings at the bar ;
And the harvest, safely gathered,
And the trees on every side,
Tell of Him whose hands in kindness
For all living things provide.

Then, instead of languid weakness,
Which we felt in Summer's heat,
We rejoice in strength and vigor,
And our tasks we gladly meet.
Then with new and sacred sweetness
Sounds the Sabbath morning bell,
And we breathe in deep devotion
Feelings which no words can tell.

And at times we feel regretful
Thinking of those seasons past,
When the flowery robes of Summer
Were around our dwellings cast.
With a thought akin to sadness
We behold the year's decline :
Yet in bulbs and seeds and acorns
We may trace a plan divine.

With a faith maturely sober
We into the future gaze :
Full of promise is October—
Full of wealth its golden days.
When we reach our mortal Autumn,
May we like October be ;
And beyond approaching Winter
Fadeless Springtime may we see.

IMPERIAL.

VICTORIA, 1896.*

WE hail the Twenty-fourth of May,
Whose smiling rays all lands adorn ;
With loyal hearts we keep the day
On which our noble Queen was born,
As, worthy of immortal fame,
With grateful love we speak that name—
Victoria.

Through this another changeful year
The smile of Heaven on her has shone,
And made that righteousness appear
Which is the bulwark of her throne :
In distant lands her subjects write
That name in which they all delight—
Victoria.

May long-continued days of peace
Be granted to our gracious Queen ;
May loyalty and love increase
And perfect unity be seen ;
May all her subjects true and brave
On loving hearts this name engrave—
Victoria.

*Appreciatively acknowledged by His Excellency the Earl of Aberdeen.

In her at life's fair eventide

May faith and joy in triumph meet ;

May grace divine with her abide

To make her life and work complete ;

When she her earthly throne must leave,

May shining hosts in heaven receive—

Victoria.

When men in coming years shall read

The record of this present age

Of those renowned in life and deed,

Whose names adorn the glowing page,

All proofs of worth shall then combine

To make this name the brightest shine—

Victoria.

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE.

OUR grateful hearts rejoice to own

Allegiance to the British throne,

Which rules the brave and free.

To show that we appreciate

Our noble Queen, so good and great,

We gladly join to celebrate

Her Diamond Jubilee.

Through sixty long, eventful years
That reign's increasing worth appears,

Which we delight to see :

Increasing power extends her fame ;

Increasing glory crowns her name ;

Increasing signs of love proclaim

Her Diamond Jubilee.

For all the kind attention paid,

For all the solid progress made,

For what is yet to be,

For all that makes her name so dear,

For all that brings content and cheer,

Her subjects keep with love sincere

Her Diamond Jubilee.

For her long reign a song of praise

Unnumbered voices join to raise,

And to present the plea

That Britain's Queen may long possess

The fruits of Peace and Righteousness ;

And may the Lord of Glory bless

Her Diamond Jubilee.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY, 1900.

SINCE infinite love has extended
The life of our excellent Queen,
Until her long reign has transcended
All those that before her have been,
We come with rejoicing,
Deep gratitude voicing,
For all that her subjects have seen.

On mountain and island and ocean
Her banners are brightly displayed ;
And proofs of the truest devotion
Before her this morning are laid :
With gladness excelling
Her subjects are telling
Of all that her reign has been made.

With all that is noble connected,
Her birthday is flooded with light ;
Her course has been always directed
By equity, fairness and right.
On truth's sacred pages,
Revealed for all ages,
Is seen the true source of her might.

Her subjects in every station
Delight in the strength of her throne ;
By people of every nation
Her name is respected and known ;
With love beyond measure
We cherish and treasure
The monarch whose sceptre we own.

In riches and honor increasing,
Long may she a monarch abide ;
Like waves of the ocean unceasing,
May blessings her footsteps betide.
Long may she be glorious
And always victorious
Through Him in whose name we confide.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY, 1901.

THIS welcome day's returning
Must mingled feelings stir,
For all our hearts are yearning
With grateful love for her.
Long will those laws proclaim her
For which she bravely stood ;
And coming years will name her—
Victoria the Good.

She loved the path of duty
Which all the faithful tread ;
She loved all forms of beauty
With which the earth is spread.
Affection loves to view her
As rich in heart and mind ;
She was to all who knew her—
Victoria the Kind.

Unselfish, brave and willing,
Possessed of strength and grace,
She was raised up for filling
The Empire's foremost place.
The ministers who served her,
In what such work implies,
In grateful love observed her—
Victoria the Wise.

When heavy burdens pressing
Made life seem full of care,
She sought the aid and blessing
Of Him who answers prayer.
Whatever might befall her,
One only aim she knew ;
The nations learned to call her—
Victoria the True.

Upon life's changeful ocean,
Amid the spray and foam,
She heard with glad devotion
The Voice that called her home.

And when she reached that haven
For which the righteous wait,
She left her name engraven—
Victoria the Great.

We praise our great Commander
That we these days have seen ;
Earth's life has been made grander
By our departed Queen.
The angel hosts have found her
Responsive to their call ;
And loyal hearts have crowned her—
Victoria, Loved by All.

INTERREGNUM.

BESIDE the parting of the ways
With thoughtful hearts this day we stand ;
The past calls forth sincerest praise,
The future needs a guiding hand ;
All loyal British subjects say,
Our gracious Queen has passed away.

As maiden, ruler, faithful wife,
As mother, widow, Empress, Queen,
The central sun of British life
She more than threescore years has been :
Unnumbered millions love to claim
An interest in her honored name.

For her great worth all praise we give
To Him who rules the earth and sky ;
Long as the human race shall live,
Her honored name will never die :
Her bright example long shall shine
As one who did the will divine.

We trust in God with faith serene,
We rest beneath His mighty wing.
He who sustained our gracious Queen
Will surely bless the coming King :
He will His waiting servants own,
And still uphold the British throne.

As loyal subjects we unite
With all the Empire vast and grand,
For honor, freedom, truth and right
Around our coming King to stand :
With loyal love henceforth we sing,
In simple faith, God save the King.

THE KING'S BIRTHDAY.

On this most welcome day
With earnest hearts we pray
God bless our Gracious King !
From loving personal choice
We loyal feelings voice,
And gratefully rejoice
In what this day doth bring.

May God His favor show
And needful grace bestow
 On all who serve our King ;
In wisdom's perfect way
May they be kept each day,
And always plainly say,
 “To Thee alone we cling.”

May Canada still be
For all the brave and free
 A happy home indeed :
May patriotic fire
Consume all wrong desire
And all her sons inspire
 A noble life to lead.

Long may King Edward reign !
Long may his throne remain
 The Empire's strength and guard ;
And when his life's fair sun
At length its course has run,
May Heaven's sublime “Well done”
 Be his supreme reward.

GLADSTONE.

WE praise the Lord of earth and heaven,
Whose promised mercies never fail,
For all the grace and wisdom given
To one just passed within the veil :
Gladstone received his heart's request,
And now enjoys his well-earned rest.

From early life to manhood's prime
The upward path he bravely trod ;
His later life was made sublime
Through deeds inspired by faith in God :
In thought and act, by voice and pen,
He lived to help his fellowmen.

So large of heart, so clear in mind,
And so unselfish in his aim—
So tender, thoughtful, true and kind,
How widely known is Gladstone's name !
From workman's bench to monarch's throne,
All hearts delight his worth to own.

The foremost statesman of his age,
Beloved by men of every land,
His name upon the deathless page
Shall evermore untarnished stand.
His task completed is laid down :
"The grand old man" has won his crown.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S LAST WORDS.

THE foremost ruler of the land—
 Shot down by an assassin's hand—
 Was held in death's embrace,
 And messages of kindness came
 From those who loved his honored name
 Or longed to see his face.

While friends stood round his dying bed,
 "Nearer, my God, to Thee," he said,
 "Nearer, my God, to Thee."
 Of those who grieved for him he thought :
 To comfort her he bravely sought
 Whose loss so great must be.

Though slain in manhood's noble prime—
 A victim of the basest crime—
 He did not once complain ;
 Because he saw that home most fair,
 And knew his name was written there,
 He triumphed over pain.

"Now good-bye, all," said he, "good-bye ;
 It is God's will that I should die,
 And what He wills is best.
 To me He has His grace revealed,
 And to His will my all I yield,
 And in His goodness rest."

By thought and deed, by voice and pen,
He lived to serve his fellowmen,
And all their labors share.
When called of God from toil to cease,
He passed away in perfect peace
To dwell with Him up there.

For those who this bereavement feel—
For her whose wounds will never heal
In this life's lonely way ;
For those on whom dark shadows fall ;
For those who hear their country's call—
In earnest faith we pray.

THE HEATHER.

SOMETIMES in the brightest of weather,
And sometimes in seasons of gloom,
We long for the land of the heather,
Arrayed in the purple of bloom.

Like waves of an infinite ocean,
Its purple expanses most fair
Respond to the voice of devotion,
With thoughts that no words can declare.

Our spirits are often found aching
To see the fair vision once more
Of billows in majesty breaking
On wild Caledonia's shore.

The castles, the forts, and the mountains,
The islands, the moorlands, and fens,
The rivers, the lakes, and the fountains,
The hills, and the dales, and the glens—

The tombs where in silence is sleeping
The dust of the martyrs of God—
All these are united in keeping
Our hearts with the heather-clad sod.

When psalms of our childhood are chanted
We join in the sacred refrain,
Until our desire seems granted
And we are in Scotland again.

The sky and the ocean together,
The purple and crimson and gold,
Present in the beautiful heather
A picture that never grows old.

DOMESTIC.

HOME.

WITH fondest affection I view
The place where I first saw the light ;
There sweetest enjoyments I knew,
And all things were pleasing and bright.

My father's strong arm was my stay ;
My mother, so tender and kind,
Removed all the thorns from the way,
And taught me the roses to find.

My sisters, who made me their care,
Were always unselfish with me :
They loved all their treasures to share ;
They helped me earth's beauties to see.

And there by the old garden wall,
Where oft in the evenings we sat,
The pet lamb would come at my call,
And play with the gentle old cat.

The rabbits, the chickens, the birds,
The donkey that was such a pet,
Each answered by actions our words
In ways we shall never forget.

WE WELCOME THEE.

The garden, the school, and the streams,
Where wading and fishing we went ;
How often I see in my dreams
Those scenes where my childhood was spent.

The teachers and guides of my youth,
How fair was the path which they trod :
They opened those treasures of truth
Which tell of the Kingdom of God.

When weary, and restless, and weak,
And conscious of failure, I pine,
In vain in my longings I seek
The rest that in childhood was mine.

These early impressions remain
Wherever as pilgrims we roam,
Till free from all sorrow and pain
We dwell with our Father at Home.

WE WELCOME THEE.

DEAR Baby—precious little thing,
A gift to us from heaven's great King—
For all the love that thou dost bring,
We gladly welcome thee.

Into the circle of our friends,
Where comfort with contentment blends,
And to the joys our Father sends,
Dear Babe, we welcome thee.

Thy presence brings us hope and cheer ;
We love thy infant voice to hear ;
And with affection's voice sincere,
Dear Babe, we welcome thee.

Thou comest selfish bonds to break,
That we the nobler path may take ;
With lives made stronger for thy sake,
Dear Babe, we welcome thee.

In thee we hear His voice beseech
Who places treasures in our reach ;
And for the truths that thou dost teach,
Dear Babe, we welcome thee.

For thee we breathe our heart's request
That blessing may upon thee rest ;
Since God will send thee what is best,
We gladly welcome thee.

Upon thy life so sweet and fair
May heaven bestow its constant care,
And lead thee all its joys to share,
And always welcome thee.

INFANT GREETINGS.

WE are the little ones who came
To this fair world in 'ninety-nine ;
A place within your hearts we claim
As precious gifts of love divine.

We do not read, nor speak, nor sing,
But live like birdies in their nest ;
Yet are we thought of by that King
Who takes the infants to His breast.

Encircled in the mighty arms
Of Him who rules the worlds above ;
We dwell secure where nothing harms,
While on us shines His cloudless love.

RESPONSE.

We welcome you in love sincere,
We greet you each with cheerful voice ;
Right glad are we to meet you here,
Your coming makes us all rejoice.

May blessings be upon you shed,
May you be happy all your days ;
By God's own hand may you be led,
While in you He shows forth His praise.

ENNOBLING LOVE.

LUKE 20 : 35, 36.

IN mansion, or palace, or cot,
The selfish complain of their lot,
 The loveless in heart are forlorn.
But self in an ecstasy dies,
And blessing descends from the skies
 When love for another is born.

All hatred and sordid desire,
When touched by love's wonderful fire,
 Are melted like dross, and disowned.
For paths that seem tedious and long,
The soul is made fearless and strong,
 When LOVE in the heart is enthroned.

Rejection may frown as a storm,
And sorrow may alter its form,
 But love in its essence remains :
Deep down in the spirit it hides,
And ever unshaken abides,
 Though no one its meaning explains.

When youthful ambition is spent,
And fretting gives place to content,
 All forces before it must fall ;
In splendor immortal to shine,
Reflecting the likeness divine,
 Love triumphs at last over all.

BIRTHDAY WISHES.

3 JOHN 2.

THIS your birthday is, my treasure,
And to you this wish I send :
May rich grace in fullest measure
Now into your heart descend ;
May all your life be sweet and pure,
That all your pleasures may endure
Through everlasting day.

None can tell how much I love you
For the comfort you have brought ;
All the changing seasons prove you
Intertwined with all my thought ;
So true, so gentle, and so kind,
In you a constant joy I find,
My own most precious one.

May the star of truth direct you,
In the days that are to be ;
May the hand of God protect you,
Till in heaven His face you see.
In you may grace and peace abound,
That safe at last you may be found
A jewel for the King.

A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

FRIENDSHIP'S vows again repeating,
We the voice of love obey,
And to you we send this greeting
On your welcome natal day.

Pure as snowflakes in December,
Bright as sunlight in July,
Be this day that we remember
Rich with blessings from on high.

One more mile-stone you are raising,
Telling of fair seasons past,
And your hopeful eyes are gazing
At the future grand and vast.

He who hath your footsteps guided—
He from whom all joys proceed—
For your future has provided ;
He will well supply your need.

May your birthdays long returning
Bring you happiness and peace ;
Waiting, watching, working, learning,
May your usefulness increase.

May your powers find full employment
In the cause that blessing brings ;
May you know that rich enjoyment
Which from faithful service springs.

May each coming birthday find you
True to Duty's sacred call,
And may all life's changes bind you
I the bonds of love to all.

Strengthened, prosperous, made victorious,
May you be divinely blest,
And at last in mansions glorious
May you find the promised rest.

TWELVE BIRTHDAYS.

"Twelve baskets full."—Matt. 14: 20.

1

WHEN January wore the robe
Of sparkling ice and spotless snow,
I came to live upon this globe
And be a pilgrim here below.

2

And I in February came,
When boys and girls go out to skate ;
The shortest month for mine I claim,
Whose days all told are twenty-eight.

3

When nature's life began to rise,
While climbed the sun his shining arch,
Unsealed were then my wistful eyes—
For I first saw the light in March.

4

It was an April day when I
First found a dwelling-place on earth ;
Above me spread that changeful sky
Where sorrow weeps through smiles of mirth.

5

And I was born in flowery May,
When every bird had found its nest ;
The fragrant blossoms marked my way,
And sweetest music gave me rest.

6

It was in June—the month of leaves—
When first the light of day I saw ;
When nature with such beauty weaves
Her garments made by highest law.

7

And I was born in bright July,
When schools are closed and lessons past ;
When hills and fields are warm and dry,
And summer is complete at last.

8

And I my first appearance made
When August days were long and hot,
And when the cool, refreshing shade
So many sought but found it not.

9

I came in fair September's reign,
When boys and girls in schools are found,
When ripened fruit and garnered grain
And all delicious things abound.

10

And when October seemed most fair,
Arrayed in crimson, green and gold,
Then breathed I first the fragrant air,
And did the light of day behold.

11

November on my birthday smiled,
When earth's rich stores were gathered in ;
In Indian Summer pure and mild
I did my human course begin.

12

And I in cold December came,
That month to youthful hearts so dear,
Because it seems to bear His name
To whom we owe all Christmas cheer.

ALL.

The months in order onward move,
And each a precious treasure bears ;
They all declare that "God is love,"
And that He for His children cares.

A HEART SOCIAL.

EPHESIANS 5:19; 1 PETER 3:4, 15,

SOME socials appeal to the ear and the head,
And some are devoted to science and art;
By some on the fancy bright lustre is shed;
But this one is specially meant for the heart.

There are hearts that are grave and hearts that are gay;
There are hearts that are filled with gloomy despair;
And hearts that are bright as a midsummer day;
There are hearts that are free from worry and care.

Through shadows the light is made sweeter by far;
To summer the winter fresh beauty imparts;
To those who have been with each other at war
True friendship returns in a social of hearts.

All hearts that are restless and prone to forget;
All hearts that are weary and lonely and sad;
All hearts that are tempted and sorely beset,
Are kindly invited to come and be glad.

Be useful and happy wherever you are,
And, trusting the Saviour, from evil depart,
And then your life's music no discord shall mar,
For melody always shall gladden your heart.

The heart is the temple in which to enthrone
The One who directs us when heavenward we start;
He comes in all fulness to comfort His own,
Renewing, indwelling, and filling the heart.

The heart is the fountain of beauty and grace ;
The heart gives true vigor for mind and for hand.
We give in our hearts the Redeemer His place,
And then for His service united we stand.

SEA-SICKNESS.

WHAT changes one brief hour hath brought
To those who read and talked and wrote
On *Lake Superior's* deck !
That sickness which poor mortals dread
Hath "down below" its victims led
And made our plans a wreck.

Instead of sleep and pleasant dreams
Convulsed our inmost being seems ;
We toss and heave and sigh,
And slowly drag the hours away ;
We long for night and then for day,
And almost wish to die.

We who for such enjoyment stood
Now loathe the very sight of food ;
We neither talk nor think ;
Prostrate within our berths we lie,
And when to raise our heads we try,
In helplessness we sink.

But then we need not to complain :
This sickness brings no racking pain,
 And friends are very kind ;
And soon the sad distress is past,
And night gives place to day at last,
 And perfect health we find.

Then, ill or well, we come to know
That God controls all things below
 And sends us what is best.
To Him we breathe our needs in prayer,
On Him alone we cast our care,
 And safe in Him we rest.

ON THE OCEAN.

LORD of the boundless ocean
 Whose waves around us roll,
And whose sublime commotion
 Thou only canst control,
For all this wondrous splendor
 Of sunlit sky and sea,
We now unite to render
 Glad songs of praise to Thee.

Upon the tossing waters
 Of this the boundless deep
Thou dost Thy sons and daughters
 In perfect safety keep.

No evil can befall them
Since Thou art always near ;
Thy gentle voice doth call them
To cast away all fear.

While we are onward gliding
Before the gentle breeze,
Thy hand our course is guiding
Across the trackless seas.
Beneath, around, above us,
Thy countless gifts combine
To show that Thou dost love us
With wondrous love divine.

We fervently adore Thee
For all that Thou dost give ;
We earnestly implore Thee
Within our hearts to live.
To righteousness awake us ;
From evil set us free ;
And in Thy mercy take us
To live henceforth for Thee.

IN SIGHT OF LAND.

OUR voyage now is ending,
And from this thankful band
Sweet hymns of praise, ascending,
Greet this fresh sight of land.
Glad fancy soars
To these fair shores
By hope's bright arches spanned.

Unto our great Defender,
Who doth the waves command,
Sincerest praise we render
For this fresh sight of land :
Though far we roam
He brings us home
By gentle breezes fanned.

His bounteous hand hath fed us,
And for our welfare planned,
And safely He hath led us
To see this favored land.
Our eyes we strain
To see again
The heights we oft have scanned.

With ocean depths behind us
Upon the deck we stand,
And hail the ties that bind us
To this fair Western land.
With treasures rife
Her national life
Shall more and more expand.

From scenes of wondrous beauty,
And sights sublime and grand,
We come prepared for duty
To this our chosen land.
We see at length
Those forts of strength
Which once our fathers manned.

In paths of wisdom pressing,
And strong in heart and hand,
May we be made a blessing
In this great Western land.
Though foes invade
Our peace is made ;
We fear no flaming brand.

And when our strength, declining,
Shall mark life's sinking sand,
May light eternal, shining,
Show us the promised land.
In triumph led,
Our feet shall tread
The glowing crystal strand.

RESPECTED BOYS.

With marbles, knives, and nails, and strings,
And pockets filled with strangest things,
And every sort of toys,
Their days are of enjoyment full,
Nor can a single home be dull
Where there are healthy boys.

With bird or rabbit, dog or cat,
With kite or rod, or ball or bat,
Each one himself employs ;
With cheerful voice, and strength and vim,
They fish and hunt, and row and swim,
And happy are our boys.

And soon to them the day will come
When they must leave their childhood's home
With all its peaceful joys :
Amid the tumult and the strife
Which form this world's progressive life
We soon shall see our boys.

While they within our homes remain
We would not censure nor complain,
Nor murmur at their noise ;
While in our kindness they confide,
May it be ours to wisely guide
The footsteps of our boys.

May blessings still on them descend
From Him who will their lives defend
When seeming ill annoys ;
When they to ripened years attain
May they as young in heart remain
As when they were our boys.

RESPECTED GIRLS.

THESE precious gifts we love and prize ;
Sweet is the sunshine of their eyes,
And fair their flowing curls ;
We welcome all the joys they bring,
For sweeter than the flowers of Spring
Are all our darling girls.

With beauty's wondrous wealth of grace,
And all their charms of form and face,
And teeth like shining pearls,
From us the shadows they remove,
And more and more we learn to love
Our kind and winsome girls.

So willing to be rightly led,
With ready steps that path they tread
Where truth its sign unfurls ;
At home they brighten toil and care,
And in the house of praise and prayer
Most welcome are our girls.

And as with artless steps they climb
 That path which leads to girlhood's prime,
 Where feeling strangely whirls,
 May they possess that sacred charm
 Which everywhere can shield from harm
 Our pure and gentle girls.

In health and strength and peace of mind
 May they from Him protection find
 Who strong temptation hurls ;
 May they in ripened womanhood
 Be winsome, gentle, kind and good,
 As when we called them girls.

STARTING.

PROVERBS 3 : 6.

THIS day we see you leaving
 Your home of peace and joy,
 Nor would we by our grieving
 Your happiness destroy.

Your bright and hopeful spirit
 Responds to Duty's call ;
 And plainly you inherit
 The high esteem of all.

Your many friends have found you
A loved and precious gem ;
And sacred ties have bound you
In lasting love to them.

With eager eye surveying
The path that you must tread,
Devoted ones are praying
For blessings on your head.

May He who guides the stranger
Safe to the promised land
Preserve you from all danger,
And hold you in His hand.

Sweet is the rest He giveth
For mind and heart and limb ;
Strong is each one who liveth
A life of faith in Him.

We to His grace commend you ;
His guidance we implore ;
May He from harm defend you
Till partings are no more.

HOUSE-CLEANING.

THE plainest signs of discontent
On many faces now are seen ;
For people everywhere are bent
On finding something they must clean.
To those who are averse to change
House-cleaning seems unwise and strange.

The cellar's hidden depths below
Must in the general cleaning share ;
Curtains and carpets out must go
To sweeten in the springtime air.
With water, soap, and paint and lime,
House-cleaning proves no easy time.

Stovepipes and stoves must go away ;
For doors and windows, screens are found ;
Confusion for a time holds sway ;
The house itself seems turned around
No time to eat, or sleep, or play ;
House-cleaning has the right of way.

Attics and ceilings, steps and floors,
Closets and cupboards, stairs and halls,
Windows and boxes, shelves and doors,
And all the neatly papered walls—
All these must with due care be seen
Until the house throughout is clean.

But work's reward at length is won,
And gone is all the dust and din ;
House-cleaning days at last are done,
And health and comfort reign within ;
And workers feel, though strength is spent,
The house is clean—they are content.

Where hearts are true and homes are clean,
Where faith and hope and kindness dwell,
Each one can walk in strength serene
And feel a joy no words can tell.
Where hearts and homes are free from stain
The path of true success is plain.

SHUT-IN ONES.

PSALM 42: 4.

O THOU whose watchful eyes perceive
The swift-winged sparrows when they fall,
To Thee our waiting spirits cleave
While on Thy gracious name we call.
Grant us this day the grace we need,
That we with earnest hearts may plead
For all Thine own shut-in ones.

Some called from scenes of storm and strife

Now dwell where quiet waters glide ;

Some in the buoyant prime of life

Through sickness have been laid aside.

The poor, the sick, the frail and old,

Do Thou this day in love behold,

And bless Thine own shut-in ones.

When on Thine own appointed day

Within Thy courts our voices blend,

With steadfast faith for those we pray

Who at their homes its hours must spend :

They cannot in Thy house appear,

But Thou canst to their hearts draw near

And comfort Thy shut-in ones.

Shut in from all the throng and press ;

Shut in from scenes where pleasures reign ;

Shut in through weakness and distress ;

Shut in with helpless age and pain—

Away from life's perplexing din

How many loved ones are shut in !

Remember these shut-in ones.

Do Thou their lonely spirits cheer ;

To them Thy sympathy reveal ;

To them in wondrous love appear,

To comfort, strengthen, help and heal.

Upon them richest blessings shed,

And day by day with living bread

Feed all Thine own shut-in ones.

FRIENDS.

PROVERBS 16 : 28 ; JOHN 15 : 14, 15.

How much of what we are we owe
To those of kindred thought and aim ;
For countless streams of blessings flow
From those who meet in friendship's name.
Most sacred meanings sweetly blend
In that great term, "a faithful friend."

Without them earth would empty be,
And hearts of flesh would turn to stone ;
Not all the wealth of land and sea
Could for the lack of friends atone.
Our burdens with their aid we bear,
Our times of rest with them we share.

They bring us joy when we are sad ;
When we are weak they strength impart ;
They come in shining raiment clad
To shield us from the tempter's dart.
Of all the gifts our Father sends
None are more dear than faithful friends.

For us they think and care and feel ;
For us they watch and pray and plan ;
To us they come to help and heal,
And do what others never can.
When pain and loss our prospects mar,
True friends our willing helpers are.

True friendship first to mortals came
From Him who us from harm defends.
He honors all who love His name ;
“Not servants” calls He them, “but friends.”
And every one whom He doth lead
Becomes a faithful friend indeed.

The curse of highest heaven descends
On those who seek to rend in twain
The unity of faithful friends
By wounds that will not heal again.
Of sins that bar the gates of bliss
No blacker one exists than this.

Those who with ear and tongue and hand
Those choicest treasures watch and guard,
Unmoved amid the conflict stand,
For they receive a rich reward :
While in them love with justice blends
They never know the lack of friends.

WELCOME LETTERS.

THOSE letters from friends true and tender
To whom in affection we cling,
How great is the service they render !
How sweet is the joy which they bring !

They come like bright jewels adorning
The thoughts that we love to repeat ;
They come like the dew of the morning,
Refreshing and gentle and sweet.

They come when the burdens are pressing
On those who are lonely and sad ;
They come love's deep yearning expressing
In language inspiring and glad.

They come when the snows in their whiteness
The tables of Winter have spread ;
They come when the summer-time brightness
Encircles the path that we tread.

They come from the isles of the ocean ;
They come from the tropical zone ;
They come from the city's commotion,
Where solitude's sigh is unknown.

They come from where forces contending
Are seeking war's trophies to win ;
They come like kind angels descending
To shield us from danger and sin.

They help us fresh courage to borrow
From that which is distant and past,
And round us in seasons of sorrow
The sunshine of friendship they cast.

The path that is thorny they cover
With roses most fragrant and fair ;
From parent or sweetheart or lover
The sweetest of tidings they bear.

They fill us with grateful emotion
For treasures more precious than gold ;
They tell in the voice of devotion
Of that which the faithful behold.

No thoughtless neglect shall prevent us
From thanking our Father above
For all that His goodness hath sent us
In letters from those whom we love.

DEPARTING PILGRIMS.

" Ready to depart on the morrow."—Acts 20 : 27.

THEY near to the portals are seated,
Reviewing the path they have trod ;
They seek, since their toils are completed,
A home in the city of God.

And while they are ready to leave us,
They think of the mansions above,
Where they will so gladly receive us
When we are made perfect in love.

In vain we endeavor to hold them,
In vain would we lengthen their stay ;
The arms everlasting enfold them
To bear them triumphant away.

As when the bright morning is breaking,
When night with its darkness is past,
So they, from all sorrows awaking,
Shall bask in the sunshine at last.

They find what the faithful are seeking,
Their vessels are filled to the brim ;
To them the Redeemer is speaking,
And soon they will gaze upon Him.

And there from His throne He will feed them,
While they all His goodness adore ;
To fountains of life He will lead them,
And fill them with bliss evermore.

TRUSTING.

2 TIMOTHY 1 : 12.

In those days of youthful brightness,
When the heart is strong and brave,
He to me a robe of whiteness
In His wondrous mercy gave.
And the gladness He has brought me
Fills my vessel to the brim,
For His word has plainly taught me
What it is to trust in Him.

And when life's tempestuous ocean
Filled with care my anxious breast,
He amid the wild commotion
Led me in Himself to rest.
He the rolling waves divided,
Gave me strength in heart and limb ;
And for all my needs provided,
While I learned to trust in Him.

Prosperous days to me He granted,
Crowned my labors with success ;
While for Him my spirit panted,
He came near to help and bless.
He, when darkest night alarmed me,
Gave me grace my lamp to trim ;
Threatened dangers have not harmed me
Since I learned to trust in Him.

All my loved ones, now I yield them
Unto Him who crowns my days ;
From all evil He will shield them,
And they shall His goodness praise,
Now my earthly plans have vanished,
Brain grows weak and senses swim ;
But all doubt and fear are banished,
For I calmly trust in Him.

When the golden cord is broken,
And they gather round my grave,
Let this precious truth be spoken :
" He will to the utmost save."

When their loss my friends are feeling,
And when tears their eyes bedim,
Let my words, to them appealing,
Urge them all to trust in Him.

LEAVE ME IN HIS HANDS.

LUKE 24 : 50 ; ACTS 7 : 59.

When the welcome message found her
Ready for her home on high,
All her friends were gathered round her,
For they knew that she must die.
Calmly on her Saviour leaning,
She was free from fear and dread ;
Strong in faith and rich in meaning
Were the last sweet words she said :

“Leave me in the hands of Jesus,”
He has sanctified my pain ;
Since my heart in Him is trusting,
I can say, “To die is gain.”
“Leave me in the hands of Jesus,”
All my care on Him is cast ;
He who all these years has kept me
Will complete His work at last.

“In the hands of Jesus leave me,”
He is my one resting-place ;
To Himself He will receive me
As a sinner saved by grace.

His great name divine addressing,
Leave me now in earnest prayer ;
For His hand, outstretched in blessing,
Surely will receive me there.

Not in me dwells worth or merit,
Not for me your voices raise ;
Since through Him I life inherit,
Unto Him be all the praise.
Unto Him direct attention ;
Of His great salvation tell ;
If at all my name you mention,
Say that all with me is well.

“ Leave me in the hands of Jesus,”
This is my supreme request ;
Sin is pardoned, toil is ended,
Now He gives the promised rest.
May each one to Jesus hearken,
And His saving grace receive ;
For no fears the souls need darken
Who their all with Jesus leave.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE TEACHERS.

WHEN beneath the smile of Heaven
Happy hearts a home prepare,
And an infant life is given
To its watchful parents' care,

Then begins a charge unceasing,
Needing means both wise and kind,
That, with interest still increasing,
They may rightly train the mind.

Round that little living centre
Silent powers themselves entwine,
Waiting for that light to enter
Which can lead to heights divine.

Then a leader's thought must nourish
All that may the mind expand ;
Thus the mental life shall flourish
Moulded by the teacher's hand.

On some simple object seizing
Marked attention soon is gained,
And by methods bright and pleasing
Step by step the mind is trained.

As the teacher's work, proceeding,
Makes the path of knowledge plain,
Youthful minds by careful leading
Truth's rich treasures soon obtain.

Of all lives well spent in serving
The best interests of mankind,
None of praise are more deserving
Than the ones who train the mind.

TO THE PUBLIC PRESS.

FORTH in the cause of truth and right
Let all thy wingèd words proceed ;
Encircle as with rays of light
Such steps as always upward lead.
Hold high the torch of freedom still ;
Enlarge the sphere of life for all ;
Reform with fearless words all ill,
That every known abuse may fall ;
One solemn truth still keep in view :
" Nothing endures but what is true."

Around thee gather faithful friends ;
Direct with care the public mind ;
Voice thoughts in which true beauty blends,
And seek the good of all mankind.
No other instrument to-day
Can with such power the truth declare ;
Each nation owns thy mighty sway
And in thy wealth obtains a share.
With noble aim thy course pursue,
And always stand for what is true.

AN APPRECIATIVE MESSAGE.

FROM SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION TO MISS SUSAN GREELY,
A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER, 93 YEARS OF AGE.

DANIEL 12 : 3.

As workers in a noble cause
In which our willing hearts unite,
Together we a moment pause
A loving message to indite.
May blessings from the Lord attend
The greetings which to you we send.

The century which soon will close
Has brought rich blessings to our race ;
And through it like a river flows
The Word of God's redeeming grace.
Your life's work it has been to teach
That Word to all within your reach.

For the example you have set—

For “precious seed” which you have sown—
For leading those whom you have met
To put their trust in Christ alone,
Your grateful friends assembled here
Express for you their love sincere.

As stars which in their beauty shine
You will through endless ages show
That great reward which love divine
Shall on all faithful ones bestow.
The Lord Himself your works shall own
When you appear before His throne.

Until you pass the pearly gates
May you receive His boundless grace,
And have that faith which works and waits
Expecting soon to see His face.
Your “works shall follow” and be blest
While you enjoy the promised rest.

TO A LADY, AGED NINETY-SIX YEARS.

In your long distant youthful days
The Lord to you His Spirit gave ;
And you were taught to speak His praise
And trust in Him your soul to save :
And, trusting in the Saviour's name,
You knew that you His child became.

And when you for His fulness yearned,
His wonder-working hand you saw ;
And from His sacred word you learned
How good and perfect is His law ;
And all your trials, dark and grim,
You overcame through faith in Him.

Your daughters and your sons were led
To put their trust in Christ alone ;
And while they in His footsteps tread
Him as their Lord they seek to own.
Some here on earth His praise declare,
The others live with Him up there.

Your honored husband years ago
Entered the state of perfect rest,
And your glad heart rejoiced to know
That all who die in Christ are blest.
You for your children's children plead,
And He will them in safety lead.

For all the many happy years
Which you have in God's service spent—
For all that in your life appears
Of faith and hope and sweet content—
A tribute of true praise we give
To Him in whom you walk and live.

Made perfect by redeeming grace
 And held in His almighty hand,
 You soon shall see the Saviour's face
 And in His glorious presence stand.
 May all for whom you plead in prayer
 Be safely led to meet you there.

ADVERTISE.

If you would make the public think,
 And to yourself attention link,
 Make constant use of printer's ink,
 And advertise.

If you would prove yourself alive,
 And keep abreast with all who strive,
 And make your business always thrive,
 Then advertise.

Yes, advertise, that all may know
 That you have something good to show ;
 To make the streams of commerce flow,
 Still advertise.

In clear and striking language tell
 The special lines where you excel,
 And you will find it pays right well
 To advertise.

Not on a fence obscured by weed,
Where few observe and fewer heed
(Such is a third-class way, indeed,
To advertise);

But in a paper fresh and clean,
Which in each well-kept home is seen,
And always read with interest keen,
There advertise.

Successful merchants often say
That nothing does more surely pay
Than what it costs them in this way
To advertise.

THE LOCAL PAPER.

WEEK by week it brings glad greeting,
And its crisp contents we scan,
While the years, like shadows fleeting,
Measure out our life's brief span.

Mirrored on its face appearing,
Changing feelings come and go ;
Some like summer suns are cheering,
Some are cold as winter's snow.

Here are mingled joy and sadness ;
Closely linked are day and night ;
Hand in hand walk grief and gladness,
As they pass before our sight.

Birth and death and mirth and sorrow,
 Wedding bliss and funeral pain,
Loss to-day and gain to-morrow,
 Here are to our minds made plain.

Good advancing, ill retreating,
 Or the scale as quickly turns ;
Here all hearts with joy are beating,
 There strong indignation burns.

Like a poem whose metre changes,
 Like an early April day,
So the local paper ranges
 From the dreadful to the gay.

Thus with light and shadow blended
 Must the course of history run,
Till the battle march is ended,
 And the prize at length is won.

Toil and conflict, rest and duty,
 Loss and gain, and grief and joy,
Yield the fruits of strength and beauty,
 And our selfishness destroy.

Sharpest thorns and fairest roses
 In the plan of life combine,
That when here our journey closes
 We may "in His likeness" shine.

THE HATCHET.

A THING transpired not far away,
To show how often things we say
 Seem other than they mean.
It happened in a tradesman's house,
Where kept for every sort of use
 A hatchet long had been.

That hatchet always ready stood
For driving nails or splitting wood,
 Or rooting up a plant ;
For pruning trees or jointing bones,
Or cutting ice, or breaking stones,
 It answered every want.

And to that home each day there came
A youthful band, who tried each game
 That promised pleasure new ;
There many happy hours they spent,
And felt encouraged and content,
 With brightest days in view.

But calm at length gave place to storm,
And friendship lost its pleasing form,
 And angry words were rife ;
Long did they wrangle and complain,
And vow they would not meet again
 Through all their coming life.

The owner of the house next day
Observed with pleasant thought that they
 Were in their places still.
He said, "They have forgot their vow,
And buried is the hatchet now—
 They live in right good-will."

"Buried the hatchet, did you say?"
Observed his wife, "I tell you they
 Must dig it up again ;
Their conduct is a strange surprise,
They know that I that hatchet prize ;
 Who can such work explain ?"

Then said the husband unto her,
"I did not to that tool refer,
 But to their recent strife ;
They wisely bury now and hide
The thoughts which did their hearts divide,
 They now seem friends for life."

On previous thoughts there may depend
Things that may often meanings lend
 For which we never sought ;
What to a speaker seems quite clear,
May otherwise to those appear
 Who have a previous thought.

“MY DAUGHTERS.”

This is just how the human mind
Oft treats the One supremely kind,
 Who rules the worlds above ;
Men often have their feelings hurt,
Because their darkened minds pervert
 His messages of love.

“MY DAUGHTERS.”

2 CORINTHIANS 7 : 18.

SISTERS in Christ, of every age,
Ye who in work for Him engage,
Behold inscribed on truth's fair page
 This name divinely given.

Though oft you feel so frail and weak
As you go forth the lost to seek,
To you the Lord Himself doth speak :
 He calls you by this name.

“ Daughters of the Almighty God,”
Your feet with Gospel peace are shod ;
Ye tread where Christ your Saviour trod,
 And He your labor owns.

How worthless is all earthly fame !
All worldly titles seem so tame
Compared with this majestic name
 Which God on you bestows.

By patience, zeal, and tender care—
 By all the power of faithful prayer—
 By willingness the cross to bear
 You own the name He gives.

By light received from heaven above—
 By ceaseless ministries of love—
 By gifts and deeds and life you prove
 That you His “ Daughters ” are.

Since He from whom all blessings flow
 On you doth this great name bestow,
 May you into His likeness grow
 And spend your lives for Him.

HONOR.

ROMANS 13 : 7.

ALL honor to those who are brave
 In times of contention and strife,
 To those who are meeting each wave
 That hinders their voyage of life.

All honor to those who do right
 When wrong seems more pleasant and cheap ;
 They cheerfully walk in the light,
 And sow as they some day will reap.

All honor to those who are kind
 While others are peevish and cross ;
 They have the true insight to find
 The profit in what may seem loss.

All honor to those who are strong
And willing their burdens to bear ;
They brighten their labor with song
While others sit down in despair.

All honor to those who can speak
In accents inspiring and glad ;
They strengthen the timid and weak,
They comfort the lonely and sad.

Such heed not the bugle or drum,
They strive not for fame and display ;
Their duties they take as they come,
The strength of the nation are they.

LEAVES.

In fossils, books, and stately trees,
And in all kinds of fragrant teas,
The mind this name perceives.
And like a tree mankind is seen :
The nations are its branches green,
And single souls its leaves.*

With leaves the human race began
To form that comprehensive plan
Which all our clothing weaves ;
And thus eternal truths sublime
Are made to dwell in space and time
When clothed in human leaves.

And lasting loveliness is made
To be like leaves that shall not fade,
 To which true beauty cleaves ;
And we are charged while here below
The teachings of our Lord to show
 Adorned with human leaves.

Leaves by appearance and display
That false impression may convey
 Which for a time deceives ;
So slaves of vanity and pride
Who turn from higher aims aside
 Become like worthless leaves.

The pages of God's Word reveal
A tree of life whose leaves can heal
 Each human heart that grieves ;
And we may each the power possess
To comfort, strengthen, cheer and bless,
 And be true healing leaves.

LABOR AND REST.

MARK 6 : 31.

WEAK is the bow that forever is bent,
And worthless the tool that always is lent.
Weary are workers that always must plod ;
Seasons of rest are appointed of God.

Constantly grinding must damage the mill ;
Labor unceasing must weaken the will ;
Body and spirit alike must have rest
If they are ever to be at their best.

Feet that are aimless may constantly walk ;
And word-spinning tongues may ceaselessly talk ;
Those who bring blessing through lives which they live,
Take time to receive as well as to give.

Wise are the servants who learn to obey
Him who commands them to rest by the way ;
Those who are making their service sublime
Know the great art of dividing their time.

By the fair lilies which grow in the field
Truths most instructive to us are revealed ;
Nature's conditions they simply fulfil,
Leaving all else to His wisdom and skill.

Doubting and fretting, and worry and care
Bring only weakness and gloom and despair ;
Lives that are longest and richest and best,
Alternate labor with seasons of rest.

THE VOICE OF MUSIC.

PSALM 150.

WHEN we must close
The service in the house of prayer,
And slowly to our homes repair,
What say those keys
From which with ease
Such helpful music flows ?

In springtime fair
The countless blades of growing grain
Descend not in the falling rain.
So music's sound
Doth but expound
What is already there.

Through it we give
Glad praise to Christ our Lord and King,
To whom by faith we love to cling.
We onward go
His truth to show,
And for His name to live.

The hour is past,
And we pursue our homeward way
Till night gives place to perfect day.
With sacred song
We press along
And gain the crown at last.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

For each glad day
 Which in Jehovah's courts we spend
 In converse with the sinner's Friend,
 Our hearts we raise
 In fervent praise—
 To Him our vows we pay.

Let glories swell ;
 Let grateful songs of praise ascend ;
 Let thought and word and feeling blend ;
 While discord dies
 Let hope arise
 And know that all is well.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

WE thank the friend who kindly brought
 This bunch of blossoms pure and fair ;
 They give expression to the thought
 Which lingers with us everywhere—
 The love which long upon us smiled
 Through them doth say, in accents mild,
 Forget-Me-Not.

When in the early morn is heard
 The countless voices of the Spring,
 Each opening flower and sweet-voiced bird
 A welcome message seems to bring—
 To cheer and help us on our way
 A well-known voice seems still to say,
 Forget-Me-Not.

And when with silent awe we gaze
 Upon the beauties of the west,
Where nature's grandest glories blaze
 As slowly sinks the sun to rest,
A much-loved voice we seem to hear,
Which says in tones most sweet and clear,
 Forget-Me-Not.

Forget me not in times of grief ;
 Forget me not through earthly care ;
Forget me not through unbelief ;
 Forget me not in dark despair ;
When days are dark and nights are long,
That you may still be brave and strong—
 Forget-Me-Not.

Let all the love you freely gave
 To fill my mortal life with joy
Now make you patient, strong and brave,
 That nothing may your peace destroy.
Until your journey is complete
And we again each other meet,
 Forget-Me-Not.

BE KIND.

EPHESIANS 4:32.

Be kind to those around you,
That they at length may see
That they have always found you
What you profess to be.

Be kind to those who lead you
And for your welfare pray ;
Be kind to those who need you
To help them on their way.

Be kind to those who fear you
And will not with you stay ;
Be kind to those who cheer you
By all they do and say.

Be kind to those who hate you
And who your presence shun—
In heaven they may await you
As by your kindness won.

Be kind to those who labor
In weariness and heat ;
Be kind to every neighbor
And every one you meet.

Be kind when those deceive you
Who have your kindness known ;
Be kind to those who leave you
To fight the fight alone.

Be kind to those who love you ;
Life's choicest gifts are they.
Let nothing ever move you
To turn from them away.

Let discord and division
No place within you find ;
Fulfil your highest mission
By always being kind.

And when His call obeying
All else is left behind,
Oft will be heard the saying
That you were always kind.

MATRIMONIAL.

IN HOLY WEDLOCK JOINED.

“What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.”—Mark 10:9.

By the gracious Father's leading
You have been together brought ;
Precious gifts from Him proceeding
Make you one in heart and thought ;
And loving friends devoutly pray
That God may bless your wedding day.

You the sacred troth have plighted,
You the glad “I will” have said ;
Now in wedlock's bonds united
Blessings are upon you shed.
High heaven bestows its smile and kiss
To consummate your wedding bliss.

While the solemn words were spoken,
As you held each other's hand,
To your hearts there came that token
Which true lovers understand.
May He who made you man and wife
Enrich and bless your wedded life.

Each the other's welfare seeking,
Lovers always may you be ;
While to you the Saviour, speaking,
Leads you on His face to see.
May you for Him your lives employ,
And prove the worth of wedded joy.

A TENTH ANNIVERSARY.

PSALM 128.

THE sacred name repeating
Of Him whom we obey,
To you we bring kind greeting
This anniversary day.
Your home which He has planted,
He saves from harm and strife ;
And He to you has granted
Ten years of wedded life.

Each one this day rejoices
With loved ones here to meet,
Where children's cheerful voices
Have made your home complete.
He is your strength renewing,
Whose favor you possess ;
And you are now reviewing
Ten years of true success.

Each other's burdens bearing,
You on the Lord depend,
And find sweet peace in sharing
Whatever He may send.
By wise and faithful living
May you your powers employ,
And praise His name for giving
Ten years of wedded joy.

May He whose hand arranges
The duties of each day,
Through all life's many changes
In love direct your way ;
May He from harm defend you,
And all your fears remove ;
May He in mercy send you
Long years of wedded love.

A CRYSTAL WEDDING.

THROUGH fifteen bright years
You married have been,
And goodness appears
In all you have seen ;
With thoughts set above,
With evil at war,
Each other you love,
And happy you are.

When you were made one
As husband and wife,
Youth's follies were gone,
And earnest was life ;
In sickness and health
Sweet comfort you find,
In virtue's true wealth—
Contentment of mind.

For service prepared,
While onward you press,
Long may you be spared
To merit success.
When summers all fade,
And winters are past,
Then may you be made
Triumphant at last.

By Jesus set free,
Your lamps may you trim ;
For soon you will be
Forever with Him.
In beauty the King
Your eyes shall behold ;
In glory shall ring
The city of gold.

That faith may increase
You lean on His rod,
And enter in peace
The palace of God ;

There shall you unite
With loved ones, to raise
Sweet songs of delight,
And glory and praise.

ANNIVERSARY GREETINGS.

IN wedlock's bonds united
You twenty years have been,
And friends by you invited
Express their interest keen.
Sweet is the bond that bindeth
The husband to the wife ;
Glad is the heart that findeth
True joy in wedded life.

Each to the other yielded,
Like sections of an arch ;
You have each other shielded
In life's successful march.
Your happy home is brightened
By love's immortal flame ;
And children's minds enlightened
Are pleased to speak your name.

May He whose hand hath fed you,
And all your needs supplied,
And who hath safely led you,
And been your Friend and Guide—

May He in mercy send you
Long years of health and peace ;
May He from harm defend you,
And make your joys increase.

Enriched with choicest graces,
May life be full of charms,
While He beneath you places
His "everlasting arms."
His love will never leave you,
And when all care is past,
He will in peace receive you,
To dwell with Him at last.

A TWENTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

By your kind invitation
We gather round you here,
With glad congratulation
Expressing love sincere.

With grateful hearts reviewing
Your years of married life,
You stand that pledge renewing
Which made you man and wife.

And He who at your wedding
Revealed a smiling face
Is still upon you shedding
The blessings of His grace.

Since then the seasons fleeting
Have swiftly passed away ;
And you are now completing
Just twenty years to-day.

Your many friends address you
With wishes warm and kind ;
And children's voices bless you
For what in you they find.

We to that love commend you
Which nothing can destroy ;
We pray that God may send you
Long years of health and joy.

Toward each other leaning
Like sections of an arch,
May you discern the meaning
Of life's united march.

May love's sweet fetters bind you
Till all your days are past ;
May heaven's fair morning find you
In God's own house at last.

A SILVER WEDDING.

THROUGH twenty-five swift passing years,
Consumed by Time's devouring flame,
In vision fair that day appears
When you a married pair became :
Your hearts acknowledged love's glad sway,
And happy was your wedding day.

Together you began to tread
That path on which bright sunbeams fall ;
And all the way you have been led
By Him who knows the needs of all :
His hand hath led you all the way
To this your Silver Wedding day.

While hand in hand you upward climb,
And through all changes onward press,
Long may you drink at life's glad prime,
From springs that bring complete success :
May brightest beams your course portray
From this your Silver Wedding day.

May happy seasons come and go
Till you to ripened age attain,
And then while sunset splendors glow
May sacred peace within you reign :
Your many friends and kindred say,
God bless your Silver Wedding day.

GOLDEN WEDDING, 1847-1897.

WHILE the sun's soft rays are falling
And the shadows longer grow,
Thought and feeling are recalling
Scenes of fifty years ago ;
For He who now directs your way
Then smiled upon your wedding day.

In love's sacred bonds united,
Walking in the fear of God,
With His precious gifts delighted,
Leaning on His mighty rod,
The One who is your strength and stay
Has kept you since your wedding day.

Through the joys that mark your history
And the changes you have known,
And through times of doubt and mystery
When you seemed to walk alone,
Love's sacred gleams their light display
To crown your Golden Wedding day.

By the power of God defended
May you have your hearts' request,
Till your days on earth are ended
And you gain the promised rest :
To you may blessings come, we pray,
On this your Golden Wedding day.

For the help you love to render,
For your race so bravely run,
For your hearts so true and tender,
For the good that you have done—
Your many friends most gladly say,
God bless your Golden Wedding day.

THANKSGIVING, CHRISTMAS, NEW YEAR.

HYMN FOR THANKSGIVING DAY, 1891.

PSALM 65:11.

THY grateful creatures, Lord, appear,
The homage of glad hearts to pay ;
For through another bounteous year
Thy hand has led us all the way ;
And now Thy hallowed courts we throng
To join the glad thanksgiving song.

Thy love, like an unfailing tide,
Hath daily marked the year's advance,
In city, town and country-side,
And o'er the prairie's vast expanse ;
And everywhere Thy gifts declare
Thy kind regard and constant care.

The birds' sweet song, the fragrant flower,
The plenteous fruit, the golden grain,
The balmy breeze, the genial shower,
The forest dense, the sunlit plain—
From morning's light to evening's shade
Thou all things beautiful hast made.

For days of sunshine, bright and clear,
For nights of safe and peaceful rest,
For health and strength and banished fear,
For sorrows soothed and joys possest,
We gladly join our psalm to raise,
For Thou art worthy of all praise.

For science fair and arts refined,
For music's sweet, inspiring strain,
For all that elevates the mind
And makes Thy will to mortals plain,
We do with thankful hearts proclaim
The honors of Thy glorious name.

For Gospel beams that brightly shine,
For all Thy grace to sinners given,
For hearts inspired with love divine,
For all that makes the earth like heaven,
We do this joyful day record
Our gratitude to Thee, O Lord.

Oh, may Thy love, so freely shown,
To consecration daily lead ;
Thyself within our hearts enthrone ;
With heavenly bread our spirits feed ;
And on through all our future days
May all our conduct speak Thy praise.

THANKSGIVING DAY, 1898.

O THOU in whose light we are living,
To whom for protection we cling,
Again on this day of thanksgiving
Thy praises we joyfully sing.

For love like an infinite ocean,
Enriching and blessing our days,
We come in the warmth of devotion
To render a tribute of praise.

For seasons each other succeeding
And bearing fresh proofs of Thy care ;
For voices in tenderness pleading
And wonderful answers to prayer ;

For skies in their beautiful brightness,
The sunlight, the dews and the rain ;
For snow in its mantle of whiteness,
And springtime so welcome again ;

For fruits in such exquisite sweetness,
Renewing our strength by the way ;
For prospects of future completeness,
We join in thanksgiving to-day.

From all that is evil protect us
Till earth's latest harvest is past ;
Through all our life's journey direct us,
And make us triumphant at last.

THANKSGIVING DAY, 1899.

RULER and Lord of all mankind,
From Thee alone each thankful mind
Derives the bliss of living ;
And for the favors Thou hast shown
We do this day surround Thy throne
With anthems of thanksgiving.

On lands once desolate and bare
Thou didst bestow Thy ceaseless care,
The promised springtime sending ;
And Thou didst grant the dew and rain
Till fields were clothed with golden grain,
Our brightest hopes transcending.

To erring ones Thou didst appeal ;
To those Thou didst Thy grace reveal
Who came their sins confessing ;
And for Thy gifts so rich and free
Our grateful hearts ascribe to Thee
All glory, praise and blessing.

For home and school and house of prayer ;
For friends who all our conflicts share ;
For love so strong and tender ;
For health, and strength, and food, and rest,
With which we have been richly blest,
All thanks to Thee we render.

For all those days of joy divine
Wherein Thou didst upon us shine,
 All doubt and fear preventing ;
For seasons when in bliss complete
Thou didst with all Thy servants meet,
 We come true praise presenting.

To Thee our lives we consecrate,
And may no object, small or great,
 Us from Thy service sever.
May we in faith and love excel
Until we in Thy presence dwell
 And praise Thy name forever.

THANKSGIVING DAY, 1900.

WE thank Thee, Lord, for what Thou art
 In life and holiness and grace,
And for all gifts Thou dost impart
 To all mankind in every place.

We thank Thee for the summer days
 When skies were bright and earth was fair,
When all creation sang Thy praise,
 And sweetest music filled the air.

We thank Thee, too, for times of gloom,
 For nights of darkness, storm and cold ;
In winter's snow and summer's bloom
 Alike may we Thy love behold.

We thank Thee for the grateful love
Of those who name Thy sacred name,
And for the gifts by which they prove
That they are Thine in life and aim.

We thank Thee for the earnest prayer
Which loved ones breathe before Thy throne,
And for the kind and thoughtful care
By which they make Thy goodness known.

We thank Thee for that perfect peace,
Surpassing all that reason knows,
Increasing as our days increase,
And growing as true knowledge grows.

Great Source of all perfection, Thou !
To Thee our grateful songs we raise ;
To Thee we come to render now
The tribute of sincerest praise.

CHRISTMAS, 1895.

A MELODY sublime and deep
To-day through all creation rings,
For happy hearts unite to keep
The birthday of the King of kings.
He brings all precious gifts combined
And is God's Gift to all mankind.

We hail the day that now appears
And sheds on earth its genial rays :
It comes to dry the mourner's tears
And tune all hearts to grateful praise,
Who gave His Son that we might live,
With Him will freely all things give.

The light that shone on Bethlehem
And filled each watcher's heart with awe,
While tidings sweet were brought to them,
And they the wondrous vision saw—
That light doth now all lands unfold,
And men through it the King behold.

Wherever Christmas bells are heard
May grateful feelings rise and live ;
May all who hear the Saviour's word
Like Him delight to freely give :
So shall this season's welcome voice
Make all Earth's weary ones rejoice.

CHRISTMAS, 1898.

LET Christmas day
Drive care away
And tune our cheerful voices ;
Let bells all ring
And children sing
While all the earth rejoices.

The joy prolong
In psalm and song :
Tell out the wondrous story
Of that glad morn
When He was born
Who is the King of Glory.

We Him enthrone
Who is alone
Of life the Source and Giver ;
We bless the name
Of Him who came
His people to deliver.

A little child
All undefiled,
Laid in a manger lowly :
In Him we read
In very deed
The name Most High and Holy.

By Him set free
We seek to be
Henceforth to Him united ;
So shall we say
On this glad day
We are with Him delighted.

To men below
From Him doth flow
Rich streams of true enjoyment ;
All happy souls
Whom He controls
In Him find glad employment.

Then let each bell
His praises tell ;
Let sorrow triumph never ;
Supremely blest
In Him we rest—
We joy in Him forever.

CHRISTMAS, 1899.

LUKE 2 : 4-20.

IN visions fair our eyes behold
The wondrous Rod of Jesse's stem ;
With richer gifts than myrrh and gold
We hail the Babe of Bethlehem.

Affection turns to Judah's land
And seeks its beauties to survey ;
Amid its sacred scenes we stand
In grateful thought this Christmas day.

To Bethlehem at evening time
There came a virgin pure and fair ;
And when the morning rose sublime
The Lord of life Himself was there.

Upon those fiefds we look with awe,
For something in each shrub and thorn
Still speaks of what the watchers saw
That night in which the Christ was born.

The angels from the realms above
To Him their willing homage paid ;
The sages brought their gifts of love,
And at His feet their treasures laid.

Well may the sons of earth rejoice
In love so freely shown to them ;
Him may they praise with heart and voice
Who came to lowly Bethlehem.

That favored town of Judah's land
Henceforth is earth's most precious gem ;
With joyful hearts this day we stand
Once more with Christ in Bethlehem.

CHRISTMAS, 1900.

THE watchers in the distant past .
In earnest thought were gazing ;
And unto them appeared at last
That wonder most amazing ;
Descending from His throne on high,
And in all grace excelling,
There came the Lord of earth and sky
To make with men His dwelling.

He came to those enslaved by sin,
So bruised and torn and gory ;
He came the sons of men to win
That they might share His glory.
He came to save the fallen race
From evils past all knowing ;
The precious gifts of truth and grace
He came in love bestowing.

The angel hosts in raiment bright,
From highest heaven descending,
With glory filled the silent night
While on their King attending.
The watching shepherds left the fold
And came in homage kneeling ;
The sages brought their myrrh and gold
To show their grateful feeling.

Though nineteen hundred years have fled
 Since He to earth descended,
His hosts will keep their onward tread
 Until the night is ended.
Though seasons seem to slowly move,
 There can be no stagnation ;
He works in all His wondrous love
 To perfect our salvation.

With brighter light than sun or star
 May all our lives be gifted,
That clouds of pestilence and war
 May from the earth be lifted.
While all are pleased their friends to see,
 And love its thought is voicing,
Through all the earth may Christmas be
 A season of rejoicing.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THIS paper, its message completing,
 Goes forth on its readers to call ;
It bears in its columns this greeting—
 A Happy New Year to you all.

The near and the distant addressing,
 It speaks to the great and the small,
This wish in all kindness expressing,
 A Happy New Year to you all.

In peace and contentment excelling,
And free from all discord and brawl,
The prophets are wisely foretelling
A Happy New Year to you all.

There comes the fair mantle of beauty,
Prepared on all workers to fall,
To make by enjoyment and duty
A Happy New Year to you all.

None need be sad and despairing,
Though dangers may seem to appall,
For infinite love is preparing
A Happy New Year to you all.

EXIT 1900.

With thoughtful farewells we are waiting
To part with the year that is gone ;
Our records we soon shall be dating
One Thousand Nine Hundred and One.

With feelings of tender emotion
We think of the wonderful Past ;
We see as an infinite ocean
The Future so boundless and vast.

The Century's visions, expanding,
Inspire us to love and adore
The One by whose aid we are standing,
Prepared all its paths to explore.

We know not what grief or what pleasures,
What feeling of gladness or pain,
What loss, or what profit, or treasures,
The seasons to come may contain.

The light of His presence perceiving
Through all that is distant and dim,
We find sweetest comfort in leaving
All things to be ordered by Him.

His goodness and mercy amazing
Have led us in Him to confide ;
We hopefully forward are gazing,
For He will most surely provide.

Our thoughts for the future all centre
In Him to whose promise we cling ;
The Century's portals we enter,
Ascribing all praise to our King.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Ox mountain, plain and ocean,
On rivers, lakes and isles,
And all the earth's commotion,
The Twentieth Century smiles.
And to our Great Defender,
Whose glories are untold,
All praise we gladly render
That we these days behold.

In wondrous love He sought us,
From bondage set us free ;
And He hath safely brought us
The century's dawn to see.
His sacred name revering
Whose mercies never fail,
This century's appearing
With grateful hearts we hail.

Though history's gleaming pages
Have been so bright and fair,
Not one of all past ages
Can with this age compare.
If years had been directed
To us our choice to give,
We could not have selected
A better time to live.

Employment, comfort, pleasure,
Invention, science, art,
And wonders without measure
Each year new joys impart.
These are the days when learning
To greatest heights attain,
And earnest hearts are yearning
To make life's pathway plain.

The heavens above are gleaming
With light sublimely fair ;
And all the earth is teeming
With treasures rich and rare.

God is to man revealing
 What was so long unknown ;
And men at length are feeling
 That they are not their own.

All evil ways forsaking,
 May men from turmoil cease,
And all unite in making
 A century of peace.
By love divine made willing,
 May men their voices raise,
And thus unite in filling
 The century with His praise.

IN MEMORIAM.

TO BEREAVED ONES.

“His disciples . . . went and told Jesus.”—Matt. 14 : 12.

We join with you in earnest prayer,
And seek in sympathy to share
The burden you are called to bear
In this your great bereavement.

When doubt and fear and unbelief
Assail the heart in time of grief,
One Hand alone can give relief
And sanctify bereavement.

We point you to the Saviour-King,
To whom all wounded ones may cling,
For He alone can comfort bring—
He understands bereavement.

Though now in loneliness you weep,
And feel a sorrow keen and deep,
In days to come your soul shall reap
Rich blessings from bereavement.

Soon free from care and toil and pain
You will the promised prize obtain,
And always in that land remain
Where there is no bereavement.

And then when faith gives place to sight,
And perfect day excludes all night,
You will adore the Lord of light,
And praise Him for bereavement.

SINCE BABY WENT AWAY.

OUR lives were full of sweet content,
And happy moments onward went
Bright as a summer's day ;
And earth beneath and heaven above
Were wreathed in smiles of constant love,
Till baby went away.

But none can tell the grief and pain
From which we sought relief in vain —
We sank beneath their sway ;
Life seemed of all its joys bereft,
And we in lonely grief were left,
When baby went away.

The little sweet, expressive face,
And form of loveliness and grace,
Were changed to lifeless clay ;

In infant sweetness undefiled
The Saviour called our little child
When baby went away.

And thinner now the veil doth seem,
And earth is but a passing dream
Where none need wish to stay ;
We hunger for the living bread,
And long to be divinely led,
Since baby went away.

“ He gives ” to win our grateful love ;
“ He takes ” to draw our hearts above
And teach us how to pray.
We know His dealings must be best,
And in His perfect love we rest
Since baby went away.

KENNETH.

MATTHEW 18 : 10.

THIS day while you are feeling
So desolate and lone,
The Father is revealing
A path before unknown.
Like pilgrims faint and bleeding
You slowly upward climb,
For He your steps is leading
To heights of bliss sublime.

Awhile into your keeping
The heavenly Father gave
The one whose form is sleeping
Within the silent grave ;
And much you were delighted
In present bliss to share,
Until affliction blighted
What would have been so fair.

True love, your spirit filling,
Gave strength in mind and limb,
And you were always willing
To give yourselves for him.
With ceaseless love attending
You watched him night and day,
Until, to heaven ascending,
His spirit passed away.

He went divinely bidden
The crown of life to wear ;
And what down here was hidden
Shines forth in beauty there.
All needful grace possessing,
May you in safety dwell,
And by His help and blessing
Perceive that all is well.

GRANT.

LIKE visions of fair southern seas,
Where skies are bright and prospects please,
And sunbeams softly slant,
So seem those days of peace and joy,
Spent in that home where lived a boy
Whose treasured name was Grant.

But language fails the change to tell,
When on that home dark shadows fell,
And left a life-long want ;
From realms of bliss a summons came,
The treasure of that home to claim,
And they must part with Grant.

In beauty he beholds the King,
Whose praise the holy angels sing,
And infant voices chant ;
And though the form is borne away,
Triumphant faith has learned to say,
“ No death can come to Grant.”

In view of all that might have been,
A tree of living evergreen
Upon his grave we plant ;
For richer, larger life we yearn,
Since from the holy Word we learn
That all is well with Grant.

All pain and grief shall disappear
Before that morn, serene and clear,
For which the righteous pant ;
And in that home beyond the skies
Friends shall their loved ones recognize,
And ever be with Grant.

PEARLE.

AMID the sunny splendor
Of summer's cloudless day,
A maiden young and tender
Is quickly called away ;
And parents' hearts are feeling
A sense of loss and pain ;
To Him they are appealing
Who never speaks in vain.

The tidings sad receiving,
Her friends their loss deplore ;
And gentle sisters, grieving,
Shall hear her voice no more.
Companions fair, reflecting
Upon the path she trod,
Are in her death detecting
The solemn call of God.

To those in pleasures sharing,
Light as the ocean's foam,
There comes a voice declaring
That earth is not our home.

Christ calls the heavy laden,
Whose eyes with tears are dim,
And each fair youth and maiden,
To put their trust in Him.

Good was the Lord in giving
Her life of sixteen years,
And then the joy of living
A life that knows no tears.
His promises possessing
Whose ways are always best,
We ask that richest blessing
On mourning ones may rest.

ANDREW.

"Thine own have we given Thee."—1 Chron. 29:14.

WE seek that help and comfort now
Which in all ages Thou hast shown,
While to Thy will we meekly bow,
And give Thee back what is Thine own.

We in Thy keeping leave our son,
Where he is safe from every snare;
His life, that here seemed just begun,
Will bloom in perfect beauty there.

Our treasure, called from earth away,
Enjoys in heaven the promised rest ;
And in our grief we seek to say,
“Thy will be done, Thy ways are best.”

We thank Thee for our darling boy,
Whose life was one of peace and love ;
With him may we that life enjoy
Whose thoughts are set on things above.

We thank Thee for each season fair
Spent by our darling here below ;
We thank Thee for the ceaseless care
Which Thou didst on our child bestow.

For all the peace Thy presence gives
We do Thy wondrous name adore ;
We thank Thee that our darling lives
Where pain and death can be no more.

HAROLD.

REVELATION 21 : 4.

FATHER, unto Thee appealing,
We for stricken parents pray ;
Grant them peace, their spirits healing,
For their grief is great this day.

Thou who slumberest not nor sleepest,
Thou who rulest land and sea,
Thou in perfect safety keepest
All who put their trust in Thee.

Thou their first-born son hast taken ;
Strange to them Thy dealings seem ;
Yet with confidence unshaken
May they trust Thy love supreme.

Eighteen years of life's bright morning
He this mortal pathway trod,
Then His spirit, home returning,
Heard the solemn call of God.

All who are on Christ depending
He doth to the utmost save ;
They receive, when life is ending,
Larger life beyond the grave.

May all youthful spirits hearken
And accept Thy promised aid ;
May no cloud their vision darken
Till their peace with God is made.

From the eyes that now are weeping
Thou wilt "wipe away all tears" ;
Great will be their joy in reaping
When the cloudless day appears.

BELOVED, CHOSEN, CALLED.

2 THESSALONIANS 2 : 13, 14.

OUR Father, we address Thee,
And on Thy care depend ;
We honor, praise and bless Thee
For our departed friend.
His heart was true and tender,
His life was free from blame,
And for his worth we render
All glory to Thy name.

For patient kindness noted,
So gentle and so brave,
In early life devoted,
Himself to Thee he gave.
His friends and kindred loved him
For what in him they saw ;
Life's varied trials proved him
True to its highest law.

Just when he was attaining
To manhood's early prime,
Earth's lights for him were waning—
Past were the joys of time.
Resigned, submissive, willing,
He knew the healing balm ;
Thy peace, his spirit filling,
Gave him unbroken calm.

So steep and dark and dreary
Oft seemed the path he trod ;
When weak and faint and weary
He heard the call of God.
In Thee his faith was centred,
And heard was his request ;
And he in triumph entered
Into his long-sought rest.

Not life nor death can sever
True fellowship of mind :
He lives as one forever
With those he leaves behind ;
While, bravely onward pressing
Amid the shadows grim,
We plead for grace and blessing
For those who mourn for him.

ANOTHER TREASURE TAKEN.

FROM changing scenes of earthly life
A daughter, sister, friend and wife
Has passed in peace away ;
Yet need we not in darkness grope,
Nor mourn as those who have no hope
Of everlasting day.

Through all her swiftly passing days
By kindest words and gentle ways
 She did herself endear ;
As faithful wife and friend beloved
Until her latest breath she proved
 The worth of faith sincere.

Her care upon the Lord she cast,
And by His grace she reached at last
 The home supremely fair.
May all her friends receive the grace
To run like her the Christian race
 Until they meet her there.

May He who heals the broken heart
To those His gracious aid impart
 Who for their loved one grieve ;
May they respond to His appeal,
His help and comfort may they feel,
 And in His name believe.

FATHER.

Our father has been called to cross
 That mystic stream which mortals fear,
And keenly now we feel our loss
 While we pursue our journey here.

Each passing day made him more dear
To us whom he has left behind ;
We found in him a friend sincere,
A father always true and kind.

And much we miss the vanished one !
No other here his place can fill ;
But yet he is not wholly gone —
His ceaseless love is with us still.

We make the Word of God our stay :
He bids the raging tempests cease,
And by His grace we calmly say,
“ Father, dear father, rest in peace.”

Yea, rest in peace, for all is well
With those who on the Lord rely ;
They always in His presence dwell ;
He says that such “ shall never die.”

A MOTHER BELOVED.

How lonely your dwelling-place seems
Since in it no longer there gleams
The light of her life and her mind ;
Your mother's sweet voice has been stilled,
Her mission on earth is fulfilled,
And you are left grieving behind.

How much to your mother you owe
The future more plainly will show,
 As you through the wilderness roam ;
She loved her best gifts to employ
To bring you contentment and joy -
 And be the glad light of your home.

She showed you the ways of the Lord,
She taught you the truths of His word,
 She led you to trust in His name ;
She brought you before Him in prayer,
She gave you her love and her care,
 To help you was always her aim.

Now she is from sorrow set free,
And you must a sojourner be
 In paths that seem cloudy and dim ;
But He who is faithful and kind
Invites you all comfort to find
 Through trusting completely in Him.

If she can your actions survey,
To see you the Saviour obey
 And help all the lonely and sad—
To see you in goodness delight,
To see you contented and bright,
 Will make her increasingly glad.

Then think of the mother you love
As dwelling in mansions above,
Where there is no sorrow nor pain ;
And tread in the path which she trod
Until through the goodness of God
You dwell with your mother again.

HOME AT LAST.

ISAIAH 46 : 4.

TENDERLY the Lord hath spoken
To an aged pilgrim friend ;
Mortal ties for her are broken,
She has reached her journey's end.

In her early days she knew Him
And rejoiced to feel His love ;
Now she has been called to view Him
In the glorious realms above.

Earnestly the Saviour loving,
Unto Him herself she gave ;
Then long years she spent in proving
His unceasing power to save.

Through life's changes onward pressing,
Sometimes lonely, sometimes sad,
Much she prized the Saviour's blessing,
Comfort in His name she had.

With the bread of life He fed her,
All her cares on Him were cast ;
By His mighty hand He led her
Till she reached her home at last.

Three succeeding generations
Gathered round her dying bed,
While from Him who rules the nations
Blessings on her soul were shed.

Calmly as the sun, declining,
Sinks beyond the distant West,
She exchanged, without repining,
Earthly care for heavenly rest.

For such ones all thought of grieving
Would be out of place and vain ;
Faith's reward she is receiving
Where we soon shall meet again.

EVANGELICAL.

OUR ALL.

THOU art "The Rock" on which our all we build ;
Thou art "The Tower" in which we safely hide ;
Thou art "Our Peace" by which life's storms are stilled ;
Thou art "The Shield" in which our hearts confide.

"Creator" of the universe art Thou ;
"Ruler" art Thou of matter, mind and space ;
Thou art "The King" before whose throne we bow ;
Thou art "Jehovah," full of truth and grace.

Thou art "Our Shade" beneath the scorching ray ;
Thou art "The Sun," the source of all our light ;
Thou art "The Cloud" directing us by day ;
Thou art "The Fire" defending us by night.

"Thou art "The Fountain" rising in the rock ;
Thou art "The Strength" on which each one relies ;
Thou art "The Shepherd" guarding all Thy flock ;
Thou art "The Judge" most righteous, true and wise.

Thou art "Our Hope" when earthly hopes have fled ;
Thou art "Our Teacher," making all things clear ;
Thou art "Our Friend" when human friends are dead ;
Thou art "Our Father," always kind and near.

Thou art "Our God," whose goodness we adore ;
Thou art "Our Healer," ready still to bless ;
Thou art "Our Pilot" to the heavenly shore ;
Thou art to us "The Lord our Righteousness."

"OUR FATHER."

1 JOHN 3 : 1.

To regions of wonder we soar,
While plainly the statement we read,
That He whom the angels adore
To us is a Father indeed ;
And though our best efforts may fail,
And vanish like ashes and dust,
At length we shall surely prevail—
We know that our Father is just.

And sometimes we ardently long
The hands of those loved ones to hold,
Who cheered us with converse and song,
And friendship's vast riches untold ;
But when from complaining we cease,
True joy in our sorrows we find ;
It fills us with comfort and peace
To know that our Father is kind.

And sometimes our spirits are filled
With questions perplexing and strange ;
The earnest and faithful are killed,
And all things are subject to change ;
But though we may fail to explain
Earth's sorrow and anguish and blood,
It lightens the darkness of pain
To know that our Father is good.

Sometimes we have tempest and foam,
And dangers around and above ;
And sometimes, like children at home,
We walk in the sunlight of love.
The darkness is vanished at length,
And morning's bright beauties appear ,
Our weakness it turns into strength
To know that our Father is near.

EVERY SPIRITUAL BLESSING.

EPHESIANS 1 : 3.

Jesus, our Lord, Thy praise we sing ;
To Thee our hearts henceforth are bound ;
Thou art the true anointed King,
In whom exhaustless wealth is found.

Thy "name" is music to our souls ;
Thy "teachings" mark the perfect way ;
Thy "power" all heaven and earth controls ;
Thy "presence" turns our night to day.

Thy "hand" binds up the broken heart ;
Thy "mercy" makes our sorrows cease ;
Thy "words" all needful strength impart ;
Thy "blessing" brings us perfect peace.

Thy "light" all darkness soon dispels ;
Thy "love" disarms all deadly hate ;
Thy "joy" all other joy excels ;
Thy "Spirit" doth new life create.

Thy "promise" all our hope sustains ;
Thy "armor" fits us for the strife ;
Thy "blood" removes all guilty stains ;
Thy "gifts" are pardon, peace and life.

Thy "grace" supplies our very breath ;
Thy "riches" all Thy saints admire ;
Thy "life" brings victory over death ;
Thy "coming" is our heart's desire.

FIRST-FRUITS.

EXODUS 23:19 ; 2 CORINTHIANS 9:7.

WHEN Israel's hosts by God's own hand
Were placed in Canaan's favored land,
A royal race to be,
He said to them in terms most plain,
"Of gardens, trees and ripened grain,
The first-fruits are for Me."

Pomegranates, barley, olive, wheat,
The fig, the grape, the loaf complete,
The people learned to bring ;
And wondrous were the triumphs wrought,
So long as they with gladness brought
The first-fruits to their King.

He made the earth her fruits to yield,
Enriching those who tilled the field
In heart and mind and limb ;
He made them healthy, strong and brave,
While they in glad obedience gave
The first-fruits unto Him.

But days of utter darkness came,
With famine, pestilence and shame,
And hatred's bitter sting ;
No longer were they brave and bold,
When they had ventured to withhold
Their first-fruits from their King.

Far brighter prospects meet our view
Than ancient Israel ever knew,
Or saw in visions dim ;
And He in whom we move and live
Demands that we shall gladly give
The first-fruits unto Him.

The stewards of the Lord perceive
The tithe of all that they receive
Is called for by His Word ;

And those who to His promise cling
Beside the tithe most gladly bring
Their first-fruits to the Lord.

If thus to Him our lives we link,
Beyond what we can ask or think
He will on us bestow ;
And in that life that is to be
A boundless harvest we shall see
From first-fruits here below.

JESUS CARES.

“ Carest thou not ? ”—Mark 4 : 38. “ He careth ! ”—1 Peter 5 : 7.

WHEN we the sacred pages turn,
This precious truth we soon discern
Which God therein declares :
No longer is there room for doubt ;
With rapture we can sing and shout
We know that Jesus cares !

Jesus the Son of God Most High,
Who as the Lord of earth and sky
The crown of glory wears :—
To each who to His promise clings
Sweet is the comfort which it brings
To know that Jesus cares.

When all around seems dark and drear,
And hope almost gives place to fear,
And fields are full of tares,
Amid our failures, toils and pains,
Our restless spirits it sustains
To know that Jesus cares.

When sickness smites the mortal frame,
When Satan seeks to bring to shame
The soul which he ensnares,
For conflict with all forms of wrong
It makes us patient, brave and strong
To know that Jesus cares.

He cares for all the paths we tread ;
He cares about our daily bread,
Our trials and our snares ;
He cares to send us what is best ;
In this grand certainty we rest—
We know that Jesus cares.

With grateful voices we proclaim
The honors of His glorious name
Who all our sorrow bears.
It brings us all that we can ask,
And fits us for our daily task
To know that Jesus cares.

"LEAN HARD."

2 CORINTHIANS 11 : 10.

A MESSENGER from Christ the Lord
To heathen woman spoke the word
 Of Love and its reward ;
And when her weariness was seen,
One said to her, " Against me lean,
 And, since you love, lean hard."

For us the Saviour's blood was shed ;
He freely suffered in our stead,
 And still our lives doth guard.
Can we for Him all self forsake
And say, while we His burden take,
 " Since Thou dost love, lean hard " ?

When called to tread on thorny ground,
Where constant hindrances abound
 And all our steps retard,
Can we such true devotion show
As just to say, while forth we go :
 " Since Thou dost love, lean hard " ?

As we His hungry orphans feed,
And by His loved ones in their need
 Keep patient watch and ward,
Can we accept such work with joy
And say, while He doth us employ,
 " Since Thou dost love, lean hard " ?

Can we our choicest treasures give
That dying ones may rise and live?
Can we their need regard?
Can we for Him endure each frown,
And say, by lives for Him laid down,
"Since Thou dost love, lean hard"?

Oh, may that love our hearts inspire
Which tuned so well the sacred lyre
Of Israel's King and bard;
Then, while all else may pass away,
True bliss is ours while we can say:
"Since Thou dost love, lean hard."

"WE KNOW."

2 CORINTHIANS 5:1-9.

WHEN in bereavement's path we tread,
Where tears of silent grief are shed,
And we oft weary grow,
No healing balm can soothe the pain,
No rest of heart can we obtain,
Till we can say, "We know."

To those interested in this theme,
No human guess, no mortal dream,
Can any light bestow;
But when to God's own Word we turn,
And from its sacred teachings learn,
We then can say, "We know."

The Holy Scriptures plainly say
There is a land of cloudless day,
Where tears no longer flow ;
Where life and light and glory blend
In beauties which all thought transcend—
Concerning this "We know."

Beyond this scene of earthly strife
There is a state of conscious life
To which the righteous go ;
The "absent" from this house of care
Are "present" with the Saviour there—
This precious truth "We know."

Death is, we learn beyond a doubt,
An "exodus"—"a going out"—
It strikes no fatal blow.
The body in the grave may sleep,
The living spirit God will keep—
This certain truth "We know."

That with the righteous all is well,
That in the heavenly house they dwell,
The Scriptures plainly show ;
That all who die in Christ are blest,
That pleasing Him they are at rest—
These precious truths "We know."

THE RISEN CHRIST.

ROMANS 8:34; 2 TIMOTHY 1:10.

WHAT priceless comfort lies in this,
What wondrous wealth of perfect bliss—
Our peace with God is made !
So did His matchless love abound,
That He for us a Saviour found,
On whom our sins were laid.

The Son of God a man became,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
The ransom price to pay ;
A lamb unto the slaughter led,
For us His precious blood was shed,
To purge our guilt away.

And when He drew His latest breath,
By dying He abolished death,
And "It is finished" cried.
The law fulfilled in Him we see ;
This is henceforth our only plea—
For us the Saviour died.

But death and darkness from Him fled ;
He rose in triumph from the dead,
He sits upon the throne ;
Before Him saints and angels bow,
And thankful hearts with gladness now
The risen Saviour own.

O Christ, Thou dost new life impart,
For Thou the Resurrection art,
To Thee alone we cling ;
Thou wilt Thine own in glory raise,
And we through everlasting days
Shall praise Thee as our King.

THE WORLD'S MISSIONARY CONVENTION,
NEW YORK, 1900.

WHILE we have heart and reason
We never shall forget
That most inspiring season
When with that host we met ;
And often shall we mention,
With feelings of delight,
That wonderful convention
When earth seemed all in sight.

“ From Greenland's icy mountains ”
We grasped a friendly hand ;
We hailed the living “ fountains
From India's coral strand.”
“ From many an ancient river ”
Where tranquil waters flow,
We heard how Christ, the Giver,
Doth light and life bestow.

"Where Afric's sunny" waters
 "Roll down their golden sand,"
 The Lord's own sons and daughters
 Go forth at His command ;
 Where hearts in bondage shiver
 On many a distant plain,
 He hastens to deliver
 All lands "from 'error's chain."

Soft blow "the spicy breezes"
 On lovely "Ceylon's isle,"
 "And every prospect pleases,"
 And man no more is vile.
 "With rich and lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strewn";
 To those long held in blindness
 The way of life is shown.

From far Australia's splendor
 They came to work and plan ;
 They came glad help to render
 From China and Japan ;
 They came from isles that slumber
 Beside day's Eastern gates ;
 They came in largest number
 From all the Western States.

All waiting souls were lighted
 "With wisdom from on high";
 In prayer for "men benighted"
 They did to God draw nigh ;

Christ and His great salvation
They purposed to proclaim
“Till earth’s remotest nation
Has learned Messiah’s name.”

And now redemption’s story
They tell to every soul
Until the Saviour’s glory
Is “spread from pole to pole.”
They know that in our nature
“The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,”
Shall through all ages reign.

GIDEON.

WHEN Israel by selfish presumption was led
In paths of transgression and folly to tread,
The people of Midian invaded the land
In numbers as countless as fine grains of sand.

The fields and the gardens which once were enjoyed
Were by the invaders laid waste and destroyed,
While homes were forsaken and hearts made to grieve—
All evils abounded that mind could conceive.

But when the sad season of scourging was past,
A helper for Israel was laid up at last :
To Gideon, who labored and pondered and feared,
An angel majestic from heaven appeared.

The "fleece" and the "cake" and the token of fire
United true courage and faith to inspire ;
For Baal and his altars though others might plead,
No voice but Jehovah's brave Gideon would heed.

Though thirty-two thousand came out for the fray,
The faint and the fearful were all sent away ;
And of the ten thousand who still faced the foe
Three hundred alone into battle must go.

Pursuing their pleasures, the sons of the East
Retired to their tents at the close of the feast,
And there they did slumber unconscious of harm
Till shouting awoke them in dread and alarm.

"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon" is shown ;
The pitchers are broken, the trumpets are blown ;
Loud shoutings have banished the silence of night ;
The camp is illumined by flashes of light.

"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon" the brave
At last is approaching His people to save ;
The boasting of Midian is turning into fear—
They feel that their utter destruction is near.

In their camp all the claims of friendship are spurned,
And each man against his companion is turned,
Until in confusion, disorder and pain,
The hosts of proud Midian are scattered and slain.

So perish the people who heed not His word ;
So triumph the faithful who trust in the Lord ;
So vanish all dangers, though dreadful and grim,
When men like brave Gideon are faithful to Him.

DOXOLOGIES.

I.

FATHER, Son and Holy Ghost,
Present, past, and yet to be,
We with all the ransomed host
Join to render praise to Thee.
Now Thy people richly bless,
Every sinful thought remove ;
Crown our labors with success,
Fill our hearts with perfect love.

II.

ALL praise to Thee, our Father,
For all that Thou hast done ;
And praise to Thee, Lord Jesus,
The ever blessed Son ;
Praise to the Holy Spirit,
In whom we walk and live ;
To Father, Son and Spirit
Sincerest praise we give.

III.

FATHER, Son and Holy Spirit,
Ever blessed One in Three,
For all things that we inherit
We ascribe all praise to Thee.
Now, Thy holy name adoring,
We before Thy throne agree ;
And, Thy promised aid imploring,
We unite to worship Thee.

IV.

ETERNAL Source of love supreme,
Thy praise this day is all our theme ;
We sing with all the power we know,
“ Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.”

From skies and seas, and hills and plains,
Thy praise flows forth in grateful strains ;
This call we hear, Thy love to show,
“ Praise Him, all creatures here below.”

While brightly burns devotion's fire,
To greater heights our souls aspire ;
We sing with those who love Thee most,
“ Praise Him above, ye heavenly host.”

To Father, Son and Spirit now
In lowly reverence we bow ;
We sing, as sings the heavenly host,
“ Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.”



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